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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN  
Illustrated Journal of  
Sporadic and Sensational Events

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## THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

WHOSE STRANGEST TABLEAU WAS PLAYED ON THE BOWERY SIDEWALK—THE CHANCE WHICH REUNITED TWO SISTERS AND SPOILED A JUVENILE TARGET PARTY.—SEE PAGE 6.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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#### Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of every artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

MYRON N., Cleveland, O.—Whenever you can obtain portraits of prominent parties, do so. We will pay their value.

J. M., Parkersburg, Va.—Write to the Patent Office at Washington. You will get the desired information there.

J. R., New Haven, Ct.—Yes; good sketches of college escapades will always meet with favor. Let us hear from you again.

C. P., Deadwood, D. T.—If you desire to furnish us with good sketches of noted resorts in your city, we shall be pleased to accept them.

W. M. W., Reading, Pa.—Send portraits of all the parties engaged in the fraudulent life insurance business. Be sure that you have proof for all you assert.

M. P., Rochester, N. Y.—Neilson was 32 years old at the time of her death. You will find her portrait and sketch of her life in "Footlight Favorites."

H. A., Trenton, N. J.—Sketch of no use. Altogether too common. Will use all original sketches of novel occurrences. We desire to furnish our readers only with interesting matter.

S. J., Paris, Ill.—Your initials are not worth a cent as a guarantee. Don't ever expect to see one of your communications in this paper without you send name and something to prove your assertions.

B. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—You have yourself to blame. We have repeatedly warned our readers against quack doctors. You would not take our word, but have learned by experience. It may be just as well that you have.

T. T., San Antonio, Tex.—If you cannot get supplied with "Footlight Favorites" and "Glimpses of Gotham" by your newsdealer, inform us of the fact. Both of these publications have met with great popular favor, their merit being of a high order.

A. L., Albany, N. Y.—You ask us a conundrum. If you possess a talent for drawing, you might be able to accomplish something in that line in the space of three or four years. All of our artists have been engaged in the business from ten to twenty years.

"NEEDY," Troy, N. Y.—Stay at home. There are hundreds, yes, thousands, here in your fix. They would be delighted to be at home the same as you are. Young men like you make a great mistake when they think that employment is easily obtained in this city.

J. M. C., Holley, N. Y.—We think that you would make an excellent pioneer. "Go West and grow up with the country," and in the course of seventy or eighty years you might be able to acquire a competence. Take along Horace Greeley's "What I Know About Farming."

T. W., New Orleans, La.—A portrait of "Dr. Lightfoot" appears in this issue. You can judge after looking at his phiz whether he is the same person or not. Yourself and all of our readers should avoid traveling doctors. They are, with few (very few) exceptions, a pack of swindlers.

#### IN OUR NEXT.

The opening chapters of the "History of The Tombs" in the present issue cannot fail to please all who take an interest in famous places. The author ably sustains the reputation which he has acquired as one of the most graphically descriptive writers in America. Since the Tombs was erected in New York, it has been the scene of transactions which embrace in their enchainment every phase of human life. The novelist, lost for a theme, can find in its varied associations, facts as romantic and sensational as were ever hatched by the imagination. It is with these facts that our author proposes to deal, and our readers will find with each issue tales of adventure and romance stranger, indeed, than fiction. He has collected data for every thing which he pens in this history, and in his researches has unearthed facts hitherto supposed to be dead to the world.

Appreciating the natural desire of all to see some pictorial representation of what they are interested in, we propose next week to furnish our readers with a full page illustration of the interior of the Tombs. By so doing we know that the readers of this history will be better able to appreciate the incidents which contain. A special artist was detailed to pay a visit to this historic place, and the sketch made is full of interest. There are thousands of New Yorkers, who have stood outside the gloomy pile and longed for a peep inside, to whom the illustration will prove very interesting. In commencing the history we have been actuated by the same feelings which have ever been characteristic of the **GAZETTE**—to please our readers. By so doing we know that we enhance the merit of this journal, and therein we get our reward. The satisfaction is mutual. Don't forget No. 169, and quietly give your friend the tip, so that he or she may enjoy the same pleasure as yourself.

#### A NEW WAY TO GET RICH.

All foreign travellers through this country, of bookish tendencies, who have seen fit to record their impressions of the American people on their return home have been unanimous on one point, to wit: that money-getting is the paramount object with all classes. The business energy displayed has always been the theme of great praise, and has served to soften other opinions which bore the stamp of prejudice rather than impartial criticism. Dickens, in his "American Notes," charges that this mercenary spirit militates against the cultivation of those things which tend to purify and adorn society, and fosters corruption both in the state and among the people.

Whether all the financial crimes, such as forgery, embezzlement, breaches of trust, etc., are the result of this passion for accumulating wealth, is a question which we leave with students of social science.

The latest outgrowth of this passion, assuming that Dickens is right, is the fraudulent insurance business. During the past week this new phase of crime has been brought to light in Pottstown, Pa., and investigation shows that it has assumed prodigious proportions.

The *modus operandi* of the dabblers in human life reveals phases of human nature that afford advocates of the doctrine of total depravity a good basis for their belief. Their plan is to find some unfortunate with an incurable disease, and by the aid of a physician, of crooked tendencies, procure a heavy insurance on his life. Some idea may be formed of the extent of this speculation in human life by the statement of a prominent and respectable citizen of that town. He says:

"If the truth were known I believe there is scarcely a feeble old man or dying woman in the neighborhood whose life has not been insured by speculators."

"There are people walking these streets to day who have policies on their lives to the extent of thousands of dollars, and yet are ignorant of the fact."

Such allegations as these would seem well-nigh incredible if they could not be supported by proof positive. That proof has been obtained, as the result of a personal and searching investigation made by a reporter of the Philadelphia Record. It shows that Pottstown is a perfect nest of insurance speculators. Policies are hawked about for sale like so much merchandise. Insurances are effected on the lives of persons who have been bed-ridden for years; on others who have lost possession of their mental faculties from old age; on invalids whose cases have been pronounced hopeless by their family physicians. Trades-people have been and are still being approached and importuned to take risks on this diseased and dying mass of humanity. Reputable physicians have been solicited to make a favorable report on the health of men whose ailments have been common talk for years; and when they have indignantly refused, in spite of the tempting allurements that "there's money in it for you," they have been discriminated against in their regular practice. To such an extent has this system been carried on, and so notorious has it

become, that men who aspire to a high social standing in the community have been heard to boast before an open bar of the thousands which would stand to their credit next spring in the event of the demise of persons who, as they boastingly declared, "wouldn't live through the frost."

The attention called to these frauds has been the means of inciting the public to an investigation. It has been ascertained that there are "rings" of these speculators who work hand in hand in their infamy. Among the parties implicated are several men who have heretofore held high positions in social and church matters.

With such instances of the money-getting passion as this to cite, our foreign critics have certainly good cause for their assertions. We believe that the American people are guilty of being too mercenary, and that the laws should be amended so as to punish more severely than now all who commit monetary crimes. So long as this passion is so rampant, and the evil effects are so apparent, some stern remedy should be applied to check these who give way to their greed and commit crime to satisfy it.

#### WALKER'S BITTERS.

A Wealthy Patent Medicine Man in Search of a Remedy for Domestic Woe.

In the suit for divorce brought by Eliza Jane Walker against her husband, Joseph Walker, Judge Donohue rendered a decision denying the motion to open a decree granted by default in favor of the plaintiff. The defendant, who is seventy-six years old, met and married the plaintiff in California some ten years ago. After living together for five years, he sued her for divorce, charging that she was unlawfully intimate with a man named Silverbrandt. This suit was settled, however, and the parties again lived together in 1876.

A year afterwards he again charged her with receiving visits from Silverbrandt, and he left her. At that time he asserts he allowed her \$10,000 a year for household expenses and \$50 a week pin money. She began the suit for a divorce, and he went to reside with his son by his first wife, in Massachusetts, and remained with him until his death. He asserts in his affidavit that during his absence a motion to grant the plaintiff \$2,677 temporary alimony was favorably considered. As he failed to pay the alimony, his answer in the suit was stricken out and judgment granted against him for \$9,400 and a permanent alimony of \$4,000 a year.

He asserts that he is unable to pay this amount, as the "Vinegar Bitters" which he manufactures no longer pays, and that he has expended some \$350,000 in the manufacture of "pulmonometer pumps." He had been obliged to be away in Massachusetts on account of his son's illness and death; and he avers that he now has no income other than \$1,500 a year; and he asked that he be permitted to come in as defendant to the action.

Judge Donohue says that he has patiently reviewed the case and that on the evidence before the referee the defendant was found to be concealing his property, in defiance of the court and to defraud plaintiff of her rights. That in defiance of the order of Judge Lawrence the defendant has kept out of the jurisdiction of the court, and the only remedy was to strike out his answer. That he still keeps out of the jurisdiction of the court and yet asks to come in and defend.

#### RURAL ROMANCE.

A Naughty Plover-Boy Trifles With a Milk-Maid's Affections, and Now Has to Stand Pap.

Eaton, Ohio, Nov. 27.—The Court of Common Pleas was occupied to-day in trying a highly sensational case wherein two prominent families of this county are interested. The plaintiff in the case, Miss Emma Izar, aged eighteen years, and daughter of George Izar, a prominent and well-to-do farmer, living on his farm seven miles west of here, brought suit some time ago against Wert Deem, a young farmer boy and son of William Deem, a well-to-do farmer, a close neighbor to the Izar family, to have the paternity of her illegitimate child established.

The case has attracted a great deal of comment, owing to the prominent position the two families hold in society, and when the case was called for hearing the court room was crowded to overflowing. The plaintiff was put upon the witness stand, and related her downfall in a very systematic and business-like manner, and laid the blame of it to the gay and festive Wert. She related how he had given her mixed candies during the evening that her ruin was accomplished, and she gave the impression that they were medicated and through their agency that she became a victim to his lust.

The defendant denied in the most positive terms that he ever had any improper relations with the plaintiff.

The child was introduced and handed to the jury for inspection, and it was amusing to see the sturdy old men that composed the jury look at the baby and then at the youth who was charged with being its father. The features of the child corresponded amazingly well with that of the defendant, and showed that the child's father certainly lived in the nest of woods where lived a fellow that looked just like Wert.

After hearing the evidence and the argument the jury went out about five minutes, and found that the plover-boy had loved the charming milk-maid too fondly, but not wisely, and by their indiscretions Wert would have to stand pap for the bouncing boy.

The affair has created a great deal of gossip, and a marriage would have been the proper course, as both families are highly respectable and possess a large share of this world's goods.

#### SEASONING.

THE cultured way to speak of a burlesque actress' dress is to say that the skirts are very décolleté at the bottom.

A NEW YORKER recently bit a chunk out of a Chicago man's cheek. He is used to chawing up cannon balls and such.

ONE reason why women are not successful dentists is because they can't get a grip with their toes when pulling a tooth.

A JERSEY CITY plumber, as alleged, attempted to choke his mother-in-law to death on Tuesday last. Isn't it rather early to begin to stop up the pipes?

"CAN I give my son a college education at home?" asked a fond parent. Certainly. All you want is a baseball guide, a racing-shell, and a package of cigarettes.

WHEN a Yankee is struck by a thunderbolt and knocked endways clear across a ten-acre field, the only regret he feels, upon recovering consciousness, is the disheartening fact that he can't capture the bolt and exhibit it for money.

A DARKEY who was stooping to wash his face in a creek didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat behind him; so when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how it happened, he answered: "Dunno 'xactly; but 'pears as if de shore kinder 'histed and frowd me."

"HAVE you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madam?" asked the minister, as he took tea with the old lady. "Electricity?" said she. "Well, yes; I reckon I has. I was struck by lightning last summer and hove out of the window, but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good."

"Have you good legs?" asked a French professor, not very familiar with English, in Boston, to a young lady with whom he was walking. "Sir," said she, blushing deeply, "I do not understand you." The scene would be possible, perhaps, only in Boston, where prudery at times gets near to pruriency.

A YOUNG lady artist married a young gentleman artist. The uncle of the birds made a call upon them and found them sitting in opposite corners of their joint studio, in the sulks, the husband saying that his wife's waist was out of proportion, and the wife saying that her husband's nose was too small.

AN Illinois tramp, de-iring to commit suicide tried in vain to beg a dose of laudanum, to borrow a knife, and to steal a pistol. Then he hanged himself with a halter in a stable, but was cut down and kicked out. His final and successful resort was to lay his head on a railroad track in front of a locomotive.

"How to reach young men," was the topic at the young men's prayer meeting one Thursday. An old gentleman who broke a toe nail by kicking the gate post just as a young man went down the sidewalk would also like to know. Bait your hook with a mighty good looking girl that wears a sea-kittie cloak, and you can reach young men.

THE people of Honolulu are prostrated with grief over the death of "Her Grace the Late Fannie Young Kekelaokau Keikalani Leleokali Kula." Not that they love Her Grace more, but they don't know what the dickens to do with all the name she left behind. We don't suppose it will ever occur to them to chop it into fifty pieces and present them to a founding asylum.

A POMPOROUS lawyer, who supposed himself to be very sarcastic, said to the keeper of an apple-stand: "It seems to me that you should quit this trying business, and go at something which is not so wearing on the brain." "Oh, 'tain't business," said the apple-seller. "It is lyin' awake nights tryin' to decide whether to leave my fortune to a orphan 'ylum or to a home for played out old lawyers, as is a-killin' me."

"WHAT is the cause of the decadence of romance?" asks an English writer. Perhaps the ladder on which the young lady was descending from the second-story window had become rotten through exposure in a wet place for several months. Nothing will cause romance to decay quicker than for a ladder to break when the girl is on top, her screams, as she lands at the foot, calling out the old folks and dog, who nip the elopement in the bud.

GIRL! look not upon the bang when it curleth over the brow like a viper! Shun the first friz as you would a hoppergrass at a picnic! for at last it stingeth like a steel-blue wasp and keepeth the sensible young man aloof. Mother! where is your daughter to-night? Is she in her room preparing the baleful quince-seed juice with which to fresco her fair forehead with the demoralizing bangs in the morning? Speak to her; plead with her; apply the slipper before it is everlastingly too late.

As a steamboat was about to start from Cincinnati, one day, a young man came on board, leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the polite clerk, said, in a suppressed voice: "I say, me and my wife has just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations." "Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk, passing tickets to another passenger. "A birth! thunder and lightning, no!" gasped the astonished man; "we hain't but just got married—we want a place to stay all night, you know."

Boston brides are said by a Philadelphia paper to chatter in bad French at the hotel tables on their wedding tour. This is indeed good news. Any scheme that will result in making a bride use some language not understood ought to be encouraged. When the average citizen is obliged to sit calmly by and hear such remarks as "Please pass the buttah, darling," and "Now, lovey, you're awfully mean if you don't let me have a bite of your biscuit," he feels a wild, springing impulse to hit somebody with a club, and the man in the next seat would cheerfully furnish the club.



## HUMAN VAGARIES.

A PIKE COUNTY (Pa.) woman picked up from the floor of her bedroom what she fancied was her belt. It was a black snake. She put it down again.

A GIRL only eight years old was arrested for drunkenness at Lowell. To complete the disgraceful picture the police let her lie ten hours insensible in a cell without attention.

JAMES B. FERGUSON, a prosperous farmer near Bedford, Ind., hung himself because of the seduction of his daughter and the flight of the unworthy youth who had been forced to marry her.

AFTER the death of Conrad Seitz, at Monroe, Ala., this telegram was received from Ella Dorsey, his affianced wife: "Delay funeral two days. I will be ready for burial with him." She kept her word by committing suicide.

MR. and Mrs. Smith Hayden of Marshall, Tex., quarreled about the doctrine of baptism on getting home from church, where they had heard it preached about, and the wife in her passion struck the husband a fatal blow with an ax.

MR. JAMES BOWEN, 71, and Miss Cassie Caswell, 68, were married in Washington, the other day. Fifty years ago they were lovers, but the bride's parents broke off the engagement because they were too young. Father Time has removed that objection.

FRANKLIN B. FOOTE, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has just been arrested, charged with the novel offence of stealing a saw mill. It is believed that the commission of this act will saw mill-itate against him in the future that his reputation will be irredeemably smirched.

A MAN named Dyle knocked at the door of a house in Grand Rapids, Mich., and on being told to come in did so, sat down with the remark that he had been poisoned, and in less than ten minutes was a dead man. A coroner is trying to solve the mystery. Dyle was about thirty years old and a stranger in the city.

E. F. BERTRAND, of Rockford, Ill., married his mother-in-law the other day. This makes him grandfather to his own children, while they are each other's uncles and aunts and first cousins, as well as brothers and sisters. The new Mrs. Bertrand thus becomes her own daughter and sister. With regard to the children she is already mother, grand-aunt and niece.

EIGHTEEN months ago James H. Mann and Anna Cook, two well-known society people at New Albany, Ind., were married. They were very young—he 18 and she 16—when the wedding occurred. The young lovers have now divided their property and papers for a divorce suit are being prepared. The affair is the sensation of the city, on account of the high social position of the parties.

CHARLES P. HASKINS ran the "Punch and Judy" show connected with a circus. He was arranging the curtain over the framework, preparatory to a performance at Dawson, Ga., and a crowd of children were watching his movements with lively interest. He fell on his face, and they laughed heartily, supposing that he was fooling; but when he was lifted up they saw that he was dead, apoplexy having killed him.

A CONNECTICUT couple were legally married, a few days ago, in strict conformity with the township map. They procured a marriage license from the Ledyard town clerk, and in the evening called upon a minister in a neighboring town to perform the ceremony. As the rite could only be performed in Ledyard, the minister and contracting parties, with the witnesses, took lanterns and walked through the woods just across the town boundary line, where the marriage was performed.

THE conversation in a Nevada public house turned on comets, and a man asserted that an enormous comet was then visible. All said that was nonsense, and offered to bet \$50 that no such thing could be seen. The wager was made. The first man had prepared a gorgeous comet of polished metal and suspended it in an effective position outside the window before leading the discussion to the desired point. The swindle was not successful, however, and the crestfallen operator, when he claimed it was a joke, and asked for his money back, got a sound whipping.

Two men on Sixth street, Detroit, Mich., began threatening and calling each other names. One finally called the other a liar, and the two were about to grapple when a woman opened a door and said: "Gentlemen, are you about to fight?" "We are!" they answered together. "Then have the kindness to wait a moment," she continued. "My poor husband has been sick for weeks and weeks, and is now just able to sit up. He is very down-hearted this morning, and if you'll only wait until I can draw him up to the window I know he will be grateful to both of you." She disappeared into the house, and after one look into each other's faces the men smiled, shook hands, and departed together.

CALLAHAN killed Toumey by striking him with a club and stabbing him at Wooster, Ohio. John McSweeney, a noted western criminal lawyer, made the speech to the jury for the prosecution. In front of the orator on a table lay the club and knife which the murderer had used, also a pumpkin and a paving stone. When he described the manner of the crime he illustrated the blows by whacking the stone with all his might, and the stabs by plunging the knife into the pumpkin. The reporters say that the effect was not ludicrous, as might be imagined, but excited the audience so much that they hooted and groaned at the prisoner. The verdict was "Guilty," and Callahan is now under sentence of death.

A REAL good-looking young lady in Ellenville, Ulster county, made a wager with a young gentleman in that place of three hugs and eighteen kisses, payable on demand, against three pair of Alexandre kid gloves and one pair of red stockings with white stripes around the centre, she to win if Hancock was elected

and he to win if Garfield was elected. The gentleman was asked, when the result was heard, to take his winnings, but he said: Oh, no, he was in no hurry, he wasn't ready to make the demand just yet. The lady now wonders how long he means to wait, for if she should get married to some other man and the demand be made upon her it might create some surprise, to say the least, on the part of her husband, for she remarks: "I am no squealer."

JONATHAN H. GREENE, once the most notorious and successful gambler in America, and afterward known as an exposé of gamblers' tricks, is now aged and poverty-stricken in Philadelphia. From 1831 to 1842 he won money right and left, not only from amateurs, but heavily from professional players. On one occasion he took \$36,000 from a party of card sharps in three days. He was wonderfully skilled in handling cards, and invented several of the swindling devices still used by faro dealers. At length he renounced his evil ways, restored a great deal of money to men he had robbed, and spent the rest of his fortune in the advocacy of laws against gambling. The statutes on the subject in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Ohio were largely passed through his exertions. In lectures and books he described the means by which he won, but this after a while failed to yield him a living. His family are now supported by charity.

A JERSEYMAN on trial for bigamy in the Passaic County Court had a curious defence. Regarding the first woman he is alleged to have married, he testified that he had been given the choice of going to jail or marrying her, and that, to avoid the former, he had agreed to go through the marriage ceremony, never intending, however, to really marry. He was pretty drunk at the time of the ceremony, but he remembered very well that when the justice asked the usual question—whether he would take the bride for his wife—he answered, "I do not," adding the "not" in a low tone, but loud enough for bystanders to hear it. This was corroborated by several witnesses. He offered no protest when the justice declared him a married man, and went home with his alleged wife, but deserted her the next day for the woman whom he really wanted to marry, satisfying his supposed conscience by the reflection that that little word "not" made the marriage void. The court didn't agree with him, nor did his sentence.

DEACON PETER ADAMS of the First African Methodist Church of St. Louis, Mo., had an elaborate wedding, but Mrs. Morrison, the priestess of the Abolition Aid Association of the same church, and a former intimate friend of the bride, was not invited. Late at night Mrs. Morrison provided her four sons with a cow's horn, a gridiron, a bell, and a tin pan, and led them out to serenade the happy pair. The uproar was tremendous, and the deacon clubbed his visitors away. The parties were in the police court the next day, and one of the features of the examination was contradictory testimony as to the verse that the priestess sang under the window. She swore it was as follows:

Peter Adams and his wife—  
May they lead a joyful life,  
Never have no fights or spats,  
And keep clear of all black cats,  
Joyful greeting! Joyful greeting!

The deacon gave this as the true version:  
Old Pete Adams has married a wife,  
Who will devil him out of his life;  
She and Pete are mighty well paired,  
If they'd die they should be spared.

DESPAIRING lovers should take warning from the fate of a passionate young gentleman of Moscow and not shoot themselves—until the next train is overdue. This unfortunate person had been staying for a few days by himself in a St. Petersburg hotel. He ordered dinner one day to be served for two. He went to the railway station evidently to meet his expected friend. He returned to the hotel alone at dinner time. As his door was fastened, and no reply could be got from within, the police were sent for. The young man was found stretched across the table, shot through the heart. On the table lay the photograph of a young lady, and the fragments of a letter were found scattered about the floor. Another letter was found addressed to the proprietor of the hotel, saying that the writer had shot himself in despair, because the young lady whom he had been expecting had not kept her promise. Half an hour afterward came the postman, bringing a letter from the young lady herself, saying that she had missed the train and would be unable to come until the next day. The scene when the unfortunate lady arrived and was informed of the tragedy that had taken place can be imagined.

## Catch the Rascal.

Andrew J. Gillen, the murderer of Mary Siegersson, is still at large. His portrait appeared in No. 166 of the POLICE GAZETTE. Any information which will lead to his arrest should be forwarded to Police Headquarters in this city. The following is a description of him: Age about 24 years; about 5ft. 7 or 8in. high; about 130 or 140 lbs. weight; complexion more dark than fair, small brown side whiskers and mustache, dark blue eyes, nose large and regular, slim built, long, thin features, erect in walking, very nervous and quick in movements, well educated and well versed in politics; had been admitted to the Bar about three months ago. When last seen he had on a blue frock coat, light-colored pants and hat.

## A Noted Stage Robber.

(With Portrait.)  
Milton Anthony Sharp, one of the most noted stage robbers in the West, escaped from the Aurora, Nevada jail on the night of the 2d of November. A reward of \$600 was offered for his capture, which was effected by Deputy Sheriff McLean of Candelaria, Nev. Sharp directed all of his attention to Wells, Fargo & Co's stages, and was generally very successful in his operations.

## ROAST TURKEY AND CRANBERRY SAUCE.

## How a Young Lady Won a New Dress—Velocity of the Female Tongue When Set in Motion.

Woman is by nature so erratic and inconsistent a creation that it doesn't do to bet on even her most marked characteristics. For illustration: The other day old Mr. Pungleup, of Nob Hill, San Francisco, was commenting on the railroad velocity with which young ladies jabber to each other when they meet, without either in the least understanding or replying to what the other says.

"It's just a mean falsehood gotten up by you good-for-nothing men!" said the youngest Pungleup girl, indignantly.

"All right," said her father, benignly, "we'll try an experiment. I see your friend, Miss Gluckerson, coming up the street. Now, I'll wager that new walking suit you want so much that you can say 'Roast turkey and cranberry sauce' in response to the half dozen remarks she makes without her noticing the fact."

"I never heard anything so perfectly absurd," replied Miss P—; "however, I might as well have that suit—it's just too lovely for anything—so I'll just do it to teach you a lesson."

"Mind, now," said her father, as the front door bell rang, "fair play. You mustn't change your expression in the least, and you must repeat the sentence in your usual voice and manner—that is to say, in a single breath—all run together, as it were."

Just then Miss Gluckerson was shown into the parlor, and through the library door old P— heard Miss G— exclaim, without even the smallest comma in the whole remark:

"Oh! you lazy thing been here a perfect age don't look at this hat perfect fright going to have flowers set back and bow changed why weren't you at matinee Harry was there—"

"Roast turkey and cranberry sauce," rapidly inserted Miss P—, accompanying the words with that peculiar preliminary and concluding gurgle with which all women, for some occult reason, invariably adorn their conversation when desirous of being agreeable.

"Going to Mrs. Bladger's party?" continued Miss Gluckerson, with the serene smile of a brook over the pebbles. "Molly Smith is going they tell me she paints pa's promised me a phaeton in the spring saw that hateful Mrs. Guppy on the street buff over-skirt and green ruching just fancy."

"Roast turkey and cranberry—"  
"Oh, George Skidmore's mother's dead. Oh! I got a flea in my sleeve little beast just eating me up alive bury her next Sunday did you get that edging at Gimp's?"

"Roast turkey and cran—"  
"The girls at Clark's are to graduate next Thursday. Jennie Griggles is going to be square out with inside illusion and white kid boots can't you come around for dinner to-morrow and stay all—"

"Roast turkey and—"  
"Night, and show Milly your new basque? That man with a light overcoat stared at me yesterday Jim O'Neil is going East this candy frightfully stale."

"Roast turkey—"  
"Ma thinks Mrs. Brown ain't proper those ferns are just too lovely look at these cuffs clean this morning are my crimps coming out yours ain't Lil'ie Skippen says you met Charlie Boggs the other night and said something nice about me tell me quick!"

"Roast turkey—"  
"Why, how perfectly absurd you are, Linda," interrupted the visitor, angrily. "You don't listen to a word I say; I was asking you about Charlie Boggs, not roast turkey. George Shelley thinks you're awful nice. Now tell me what he did say. Good gracious, what are you hugging me for?"

"And Tilda," thoughtfully remarked Miss Pungl up, after the matter had been explained, and her father admitted that he had lost by a scratch, "I believe in my heart that if you hadn't thought about Charlie just the— I shouldn't have had any new suit this winter."

All of which goes to show that there is at least one subject upon which one may hope to secure the temporary attention of the inscrutable female mind.

## BIGAMIST HAGGARD.

## A Meeting With an Old Acquaintance Which Opened a Deceived Young Lady's Eyes.

A man named A. D. Haggard, late of Chicago, Ill., arrived in Pittsburg, Pa., a few days ago with a young bride, whom he married about the 1st inst., at Tuscola, Ill. He put up at a hotel with his new bride, and shortly afterward met a friend, a live stock dealer from Winchester, Ky., Haggard's old home.

It is man knew Haggard's history, and was acquainted with the fact that in 1871 he had married a Miss Humphreys, an excellent young lady of Georgetown, Ky. The stock dealer went to the hotel and informed Mrs. Haggard No. 2 of this fact. Haggard made an effort to show that he had been divorced from his first wife, but it was an unsuccessful one. The much wronged young lady, whose name is Miss M. A. Dawson, immediately departed to the home of her parents.

Being out of money she was compelled to pawn her watch, while Haggard, also penniless, was compelled to leave his baggage for his board, and left for parts unknown. A history of Haggard's career, which is given by the Chicago papers, shows him to be a mean scamp.

The fruit of Haggard's marriage with Miss Humphreys is one child, a little girl. He engaged in business in Lexington. From there he went to Midway, thence to Winchester, which is the county seat of his native county, in which his parents still reside. From there he went to Cincinnati, O., where he secured the position of book-keeper in a commission house.

Here he lived with his wife until about four months before his marriage with Miss Dawson, when he lost his situation in Cincinnati, and representing to his wife that he had a place offered him in Indianapolis, Ind., persuaded her to sell off their household effects and return to Winchester with their child and remain there until he could get settled in his new home.

Instead of stopping at Indianapolis he went to Tuscola and made arrangements for his wedding with Miss Dawson. He then went to Indianapolis and wrote to his wife that he had been robbed of the money of the firm by which he was employed, requesting her to send him \$20. This was more money than the poor woman could command, and she sent him \$10—all she had. With this money he came on to Pittsburg and got married, as already stated, and at the denouement of his duplicity was penniless.

It is said that Haggard was one of Morgan's aids during the late war, at the time of his raid into Ohio, and was wounded at the battle of Perryville.

## MARRIAGE BY WHOLESALE.

## One Schneider Who Has Done a Rushing Business in New York This Year.

The holding of John Cousins, accused of bigamy, for the action of the Grand Jury, by Justice Kenna, of Brooklyn, on Tuesday, developed in the examination testimony of an amusing and extraordinary kind. What is known as a "matrimonial bucket-shop" was unearthed and located in this city.

The Rev. Francis Schneider, who claims to have united Cousins to Fanny Edwards, his alleged second wife, according to his own testimony has been running a wholesale matrimonial establishment here. He swore that he had married John and Fanny, and on cross examination said he had been a clergyman for twenty years, but he had never had a church. When asked what denomination he belonged to he said: "The Protestant Church." He was ordained in Germany, and was licensed to marry people in this State. During the present month he had married 30 couples, and during the year no fewer than 483. He explained his popularity among those desiring his services on the ground that they liked him. He was asked how he came to perform so many marriages in a year when he had no church. "I'm in the same boat with lawyers," he answered. "Parties come to see me because they like me." Much amusement was created in the court by his testimony, and laughter was frequent. It changed to astonishment when Fanny Edwards, who is claimed to be wife No. 2, was called.

She said that her maiden name was Alvina Wurms, and then, looking the Rev. Mr. Schneider full in the face, she declared that she had never seen the man before in her life. She had not been in New York during the last two months, and all of that time she had boarded at the house of Cousin's parents. The father of Cousins swore that he knew Fanny Edwards only as Alvina Wurms; that she had lived at his house for two months, sleeping with his daughter, and that she and his son had not lived together as man and wife. He never heard of their marriage until John was arrested.

Detective Butts, in rebuttal of the testimony of Fanny Edwards, produced a marriage certificate which he swore that she gave him, and, after the summing up by the counsel, the Justice decided to hold Cousins.

## SICK OF HER BARGAIN.

## January and May—Their Courtship, Elopement and Quarrel.

On the lonely Milltown road, about six miles from Norwich, Conn., is the little settlement of Ayer's Mills. Some time ago, Mr. William D. Shaw, of Norwich, purchased the manufacturing portion of the place and is opening a woolen mill there.

A few weeks ago George Miller, fifty years of age, a native of Providence, R. I., was engaged to superintend the weaving department in the factory at Ayer's Mills. In his leisure hours, Miller made love to the daughter of his landlady, Miss Lizzie Dawley, a comely blonde.

A promise of marriage was the inducement Miller held out to the girl to elope with him. They quit the house separately on Saturday and met by a meeting on the southern road. The whole distance to Mystic, about ten miles, was traveled on foot by the couple.

At Mystic they found no minister who would unite them, and they went on the afternoon train to New London. As the day wore on in Ayer's Mills, the alarm of the Dawley family over the absence of the daughter speedily extended to every household in the settlement. The rumor came that Miss Dawley and Mr. Miller had been seen trudging southward, and then the suspicion of an elopement became a certainty.

Teams were dispatched on every road southward to apprehend the couple. The police in Norwich were notified, and furnished with a description of the eloping pair. It was soon learned that they were in New London, and registered at the National Hotel under an assumed name.

Officer Barrows, of New London, arrested them, and they spent the night in a cell of the station. Miss Dawley's brother, who had been hunting them, found them there, and all parties were returned to Ledyard. Miller expressed no regret at what he had done, and said that he was willing to make reparation by marrying the girl. Miss Dawley was completely broken down when she realized her position. She sobbed and wrung her hands, and when a marriage with Miller was mentioned, she replied with a gesture of abhorrence and the words, "I never want to see him again; I want to go home."

A young lady in Michigan has become a law partner with her father, and the firm name is Coolridge & Daughter, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.



## FEMININE CURIOSITY.

## How it Was Satisfied, and Its Possessor Disgusted—A Wicked Coon, and How He Exposed a Sham.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"I seen an incident," quietly observed a little man as he found his way into the local department. "I was going along the street and I seen an incident. I thought you might like it for an item. I take the papers myself."

"What was it?" asked the editor.

"There was danger into it, and I think he'll die. Leastways he was thinnin' out when I left."

"A murder? Somebody killed?"

"I don't know the rights of it. He might be killed without it's bein' a murder. I wouldn't like to say as it was a murder, 'cause I take the paper myself. I don't want to make any mistake in it. If I was to make a mistake tellin' about a item, an' I should be found out, I'd lose confidence in the paper."

"Well, just tell me what you saw, then, and I'll have it looked up."

"I only seed part of it. You know Jim Stryver?"

"No, where does he live?"

"He lives mostly in Fulton Market when the nights is wafn. He was born here and grewed here, and he is a responsible citizen. Billy Stryver has got a pet coon, only he cut all the hair off its back and left some on the head and tail. Ever see a coon groomed that way?"

"Not that I remember."

"You'd remember it. It makes 'em look like a half interest in the day o' judgment. Coons is thin bodied when the fur is off, and the head and tail resembles a cock fight. Bill was goin' along Joralemon street, and a young feller was at a gate talkin' with his girl. The girl seen the coon and wanted to know what it was. Bill, bein' good hearted, steered the coon up to her, and the young feller opened the gate to let it through. Coons is deceivin', especially when they has been barbered and left full rigged fore and aft. So the coon had only got part the way through when the young feller shot the gate. He cotched that coon's tail fast. Ever hear a coon when he's mad?"

"Don't know that I ever did."

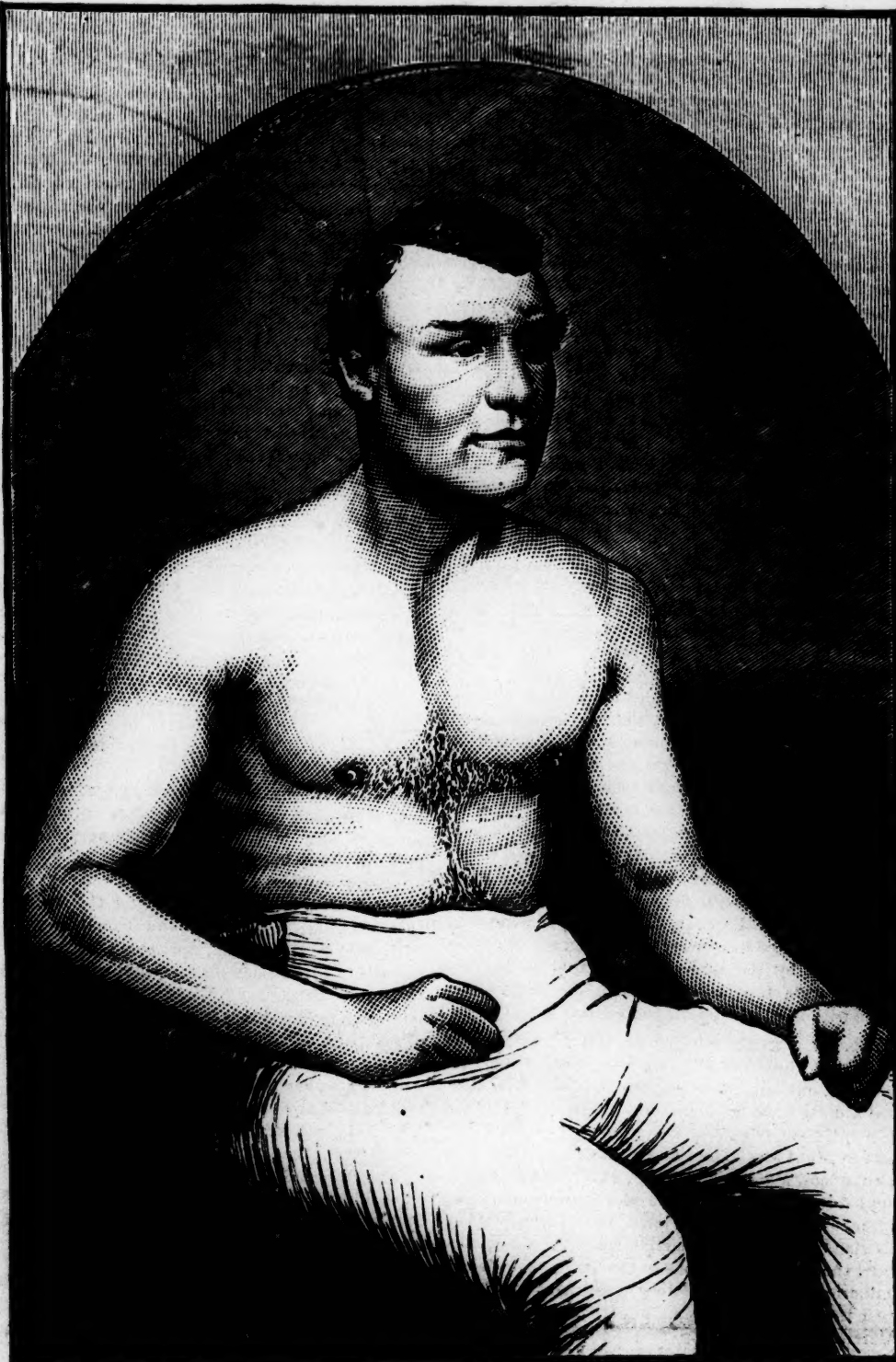
"Just so. Well, he hollers right out kinder guttural with a tremendous attachment. It sounds like a saw mill. The coon realized one end of him wasn't bein' respected, so he turned the saw mill loose, and he grabbed the girl by the leg. He just jammed both front feet and his teeth right into that girl's nigh leg and hollered."

"What did the girl do?"

"Well, she stood pretty still with the leg as the coon got hold of it, but she walked over considerable territory with the other. Bill didn't know about the chief end of the coon bein' stationary, and he lit over the fence to fix things. He knowed by the saw mill noise as the coon was mad, but he didn't seem able to pacify him. By an' by the coon began to choke, an' by an' by he turned over as far as he could get permission from the gate, and that's where the mystery catches on."

"What was it?"

"Why, he wasn't only hollerin' like a saw mill, but



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

TOM SAYERS, ENGLAND'S GREATEST HEAVY WEIGHT FUGILIST—SEE "HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING."—[PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE BY JOHN WOOD, 208 BOWERY, N. Y.]

he was vomitin' sawdust. Sure's you're born. I ain't misleadin' you. I take the paper myself."

"How do you account for it?"

"I don't know. Neither me or Stryver can't understand it. We looked at the girl's legs as she flopped up the front stoop, and we both noticed they wasn't mates. One was twice as big as the other. You may print somethin' about the incident, 'cause these eddycated fellers may want to 'vestigate what's into a coon to turn out a noise and a dust like a saw mill."

## A \$1,000 FOOT.

## Mrs. Brady and Her Shapely Continuations—The Practical Manner of Conducting Cases in St. Louis.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The damage suit of Brady vs. the City of St. Louis, of which an account was published in last week's POLICE GAZETTE, was on trial during part of last week before a special jury in Judge Lindley's Court. The cause of action is the same as that in the case tried in the former proceedings in which Mr. Brady and his wife obtained a verdict against the city for \$1,000 damages for injuries sustained by Mrs. Brady by stepping into a hole in the plank of the Twelfth street bridge. The present suit is for \$10,000 damages claimed to have been sustained by the husband for money paid for medical attendance, nurse hire, etc., for his wife during the three or four months of her sickness, and for the permanent crippling of her arm by the fall. In the other case the defense claimed that the hole was so small that no lady except Cinderella could get her foot into it, but the shrewd attorney of the plaintiffs took the precaution to have the hole measured by an expert, and then in the presence of the jury he himself made a scientific measurement of the foot, showing its length, breadth and thickness to the gaping twelve, and thereby obtaining a verdict. The native modesty of Counselor Bell prevented him from pressing the foot question too closely, but at the present trial he was provided for a similar movement. He directed the city bridge-builder, Mr. Galer, to make an exact model of the hole and its surrounding timbers and fetch it into Court. This model was the biggest thing in the way of an exhibit that was ever filed in that Court, and was at least twice as large as the pyramid of documents in the Davidson case. It presented the appearance of a platform such as the Democrats use at their meetings, and looked so inviting that Mr. W. H. H. Russell took a seat near it, expecting he would be called on for a speech.

The lady had testified before that her leg went into the hole as far as the knee, and Mr. Kinney, her lawyer, stated on seeing the model, that he would make her go through the act of stepping into the hole, just as she had done on the bridge, so that the jury might see for themselves how the thing was done. This charming little arrangement was omitted, however, and the jurors were sadly disappointed. At the noon recess Mrs. Brady was hoisted upon the platform, and made an attempt to thrust her foot into the cavity, but it would not go in even to the pastern joint, much less to the knee-cap. Mr. Brady



A MODEL OF THE HOLE THROUGH WHICH MRS. CLARA BRADY FELL IS BROUGHT INTO COURT, AND A PRACTICAL TEST MADE OF HER ABILITY TO FALL THROUGH; ST. LOUIS, MO.



A PET COON ATTACKS A YOUNG LADY, AND REVEALS THE FACT THAT NATURE IS NOT SO MUCH RESPONSIBLE FOR SOME THINGS AS SAWDUST; BROOKLYN, N. Y.



had stated that on the day after the accident he jammed his entire hoof into the hole, and had no trouble in getting it out. It leaked out subsequently that the cunning bridge builder had made the model from memory, and his recollection had shrunk since the hole was drawn in on the bridge being repaired.

The second case has not yet been decided. Mrs. Brady seems to be determined that she will have proper damages for the injuries which she sustained in her accident.

#### A Startled Baggage-man.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A queer thing happened one morning this past week, on Liberty street, Pittsburg, Pa., opposite the Union depot, where the emigrants on their way to the west stop to take dinner. Before going to dinner the emigrant guests laid out their varied collection of luggage so near the stove in the sitting room that some of the bundles were in danger of taking fire. A baggage-man happened to come into the vacant room and noticed this. With the impulsiveness characteristic of his class he proceeded to toss the bundles away from the stove. One of them struck the floor with a dull thud, and to his surprise a nine-month-old baby rolled out. The baggage-man thought the baby would cry, and of course he felt bad. But it didn't cry, and that made him feel worse, as he thought struck him he must have hurt it badly. Hastily picking up the infant, he was horrified to find it dead. Of course, he thought he had killed it, and the vision of a scaffold and rope flashed across his mind. He was relieved shortly afterwards, however, to discover that the child had been dead for eighteen hours, and its death had been



AN INFURIATED BOARDER HAVING DEMONSTRATED THAT THE LANDLADY'S TURKEY WAS TOO TOUGH FOR A CARVING KNIFE, ASSAULTS IT WITH A HATCHET; NEW YORK CITY.



A BAGGAGE-SMASHER, WHILE TUMBLING OVER THE BAGGAGE OF A PARTY OF EMIGRANTS, ROLLS A DEAD BABY OUT UPON THE FLOOR; PITTSBURG, PA.



MILTON ANTHONY SHARP; STAGE ROBBER; \$600 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE; AURORA, ILL.

concealed by the mother for fear that the railroad authorities would compel her to purchase a coffin for it.

#### Signs of Civilization.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Down in Pinal, Arizona, they recently had a ball at which four women were present. There was great rejoicing. The editor of the nearest paper said: "We



SIGNS OF CIVILIZATION—A COUPLE OF YOUNG LADIES MOVE INTO A MINING DISTRICT AND SET THE BATCHELORS ALL AGOG WITH CURIOSITY BY A DISPLAY OF APPAREL FOREIGN TO THE COUNTRY; PINAL, ARIZONA

have entered upon a new era." Previously the Pinalites had never had anything but stag dances. This enthusiasm of the people of Pinal is a reminder of early days in these mines. Quite a sensation was created on Gold Canon, at Silver City, when a family boasting two girls settled there. The first time they stretched their clothes-line on the banks of the canon and hung out their washing, every man at work in the neighborhood dropped his shovel and stood spell bound. "Well, well; this is civilization!" was the cry all up and down the canon. The boys are so modest, that in passing to and from their meals, they made a circuit of about half a mile in the hills to get round the house of the new family. Said these thoughtful miners:

"They have no other place to stretch their clothes-line, and it is not right for us to go by when there is anything on it."

#### Tougher'n Sole Leather.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The antiquity of the boarding-house turkey is proverbial. It may be malice when boarders assert that their hostess aims to

select a fowl that will baffle their molars in attempting to masticate. But it was truth, pure and simple, in the case of a fashionable boarding-house in this city. A large turkey was placed on the table on Thanksgiving day, and the guests sat down to its demolition. The carver rose to his work of dissection. But bear on with his sharp knife as hard as he could, the flesh refused to yield. After his patience had been exhausted, he went to the kitchen, procured a hatchet, and then began an assault. Such a proceeding was disastrous to the crockery, and the land-



"DR." LIGHTFOOT, TRAVELING MEDICAL FAKER AND SWINDLER; WANTED AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.

lady had him arrested for malicious mischief. He was dismissed on payment of a small fine, the justice evidently sympathizing with him in his action.

ROBERT HOUGHTON, the actor at Boston who suicided the other night, had a conversation with his wife, a ballet dancer, who called him an "old Betty." Houghton said that if he thought she meant that he would shoot himself. "Shoot!" said Mrs. Houghton, and he shot.



# THE TOMBS.

Its History, Romances and  
Mysteries.

LIFE AND DEATH

In New York's Famous  
Jail.

## CHAPTER I.

### WHAT THE TOMBS IS.

The New York Tombs is undoubtedly the most famous prison on the continent. There is not a town or hamlet in the United States in which it is not familiar by name to people who could not for the life of them tell the titles of their own state goals. It is the sink into which pours the criminal stream of the third greatest city on the globe. It has held in its day criminals from every corner of the earth, and in the shadow of its walls have been strangled to death murderers whose crimes are part of enduring history. Its romances are numberless; its mysteries are more fascinating than any the romancer ever penned. The history of the Tombs is an immense rogues' gallery of pen pictures, a library of startling stories whose heroes and heroines are often men of vast intelligence and women of a marvelous beauty, given up to crime as thoroughly, however, as the most vulgar and most brutal offender who has enjoyed the hospitality of the same cold walls. It has in its time been the scene of birth as well as death, of the binding of the nuptial noose as well as that of the hangman. It has been the tomb of hopes and honorable lives, but it has also been the cradle of new-born aspirations and opportunities. However, its history is its best interpreter. We will let it speak for itself.

The New York Tombs, as it is commonly called, is the City Prison. It occupies the entire block bounded by Centre, Elm, Leonard and Franklin streets—a dingy district of warehouses and tenements with the look about them of having been blighted by the gloomy shadow of the famous jail. The old freight depot of the Harlem Railroad still stands at its Franklin street end, and laden cars drawn by long tandems of mules clank in and out all day and night long. Through Leonard and Franklin streets, looking east, one catches glimpses of Baxter street, festooned with the sidewalk displays of old clo' shops; the same streets, westward, make brick and mortar telescopes which reveal the life and bustle of Broadway. The streets around the Tombs are foul and squalid ones. They swarm with the children of the tenements which line them with towering piles of masonry, and the pedestrians who navigate them are for the most part of that skulking, evil class which knows the interior of the prison quite as well as it does its outer walls.

If it was not for the location of the Tombs, it would be one of the most imposing buildings in the metropolis. It has been pronounced by architects to be the purest specimen of Egyptian architecture to be found outside of Egypt itself. When the Common Council determined to erect a new jail in 1833, there was quite a dispute as to the order of architecture to be observed in its construction. About this time there was published a book entitled "Stevens' Travels." The author was John L. Stevens, Esq., of Hoboken, who had recently returned from an extended tour through Asia and the Holy Land. The book was full of interest, and contained many illustrations of the rare and curious things he had seen. Among these illustrations was one of an ancient Egyptian tomb, accompanied by a full and accurate description. The committee appointed by the Common Council to decide upon the necessary plans for the new prison were impressed with the idea of erecting a building whose general appearance and construction would correspond with the tomb described in Stevens' book. They accordingly made their report, recommending the construction of such a building, suggesting as a most fitting and appropriate name, "The Tombs." The report was adopted and work was begun at once. The result was a building of really grand proportions, but it was situated in so low a spot that its roof scarcely reached the level of the sidewalks of Broadway, which is only a short block from the Elm Street wall of the jail.

The Tombs, in fact, is built in the basin of a little lake which once was one of the most romantic spots on the island, and a favorite resort for the angler and the pleasure-seeker. This lake was known as the "Collect Pond," a corruption of the Dutch name, Kalckhook, or Shell Point, from a beach of shells which existed on its margin. The "Collect Pond" occupied almost the entire space which is bounded on the north by White street, and on the south by Worth, Orange street (now Baxter), running along the eastern edge, with Elm street on the west of the pond. The outlet of this body of water was at the northerly end, about where Centre and White streets intersect. The stream took a northwesterly course, striking Broadway at the present Canal street, at which point a stone bridge was built over the stream, and thence along the line of Canal street—draining the adjacent property, which was known as Lispenard's meadows—into the North river. The sewer which drains Canal street is merely this creek walled and covered in. There was another outlet from the "Collect"—a little, sparkling fresh water stream called the "Old Kill." The kill meandered through Wolfert's meadow, following the line of what is now Roosevelt street, and emptied into the East river at what is now James slip. Thus the "Collect" and its

two creeks actually cut Manhattan Island in half and made two islands out of it.

In those old days the Collect lake was surrounded by romantic hills, which at Broadway rose to a considerable height. There were pleasure houses on its margin, and in it an island on which, in 1747, a powder magazine was built. But it always was a nuisance. The garbage of the city used to be dumped into it, and the tanners put up their tanneries on its banks in 1745. Between them and the marshes all about it, it was so unhealthy a spot that it was frequently determined to fill it up. It was still deep enough in 1796 for John Fitch to navigate the first steamboat America ever saw on it. But in the winter of 1807-8, noted for the inclemency of the weather, work was almost entirely suspended, owing to the unsettled condition of public affairs, and the people were on the verge of starvation. Maritime trade was also entirely suspended. In January, 1808, a demonstration of sailors and others was made in the Park. They presented a petition to the authorities, and demanded bread for themselves and starving families. Appropriations were voted, and the hills lying near Broadway were levelled, the earth being used in filling up the pond, thus affording employment to many. At length the pond was filled in and streets cut through, Centre street (formerly called Collect street) running in a direct line north and south through what was the middle of the lake. This was the site selected in 1833 for the new prison.

Piles had to be sunk deep in the marshy soil to furnish adequate foundations for the massive structure. It was ready for occupation in 1833. The Tombs is built of Maine granite, is two stories high and occupies the four sides of a hollow square, being 250x200 feet. There are 150 cells in the male prison, arranged in four tiers, and these often have to accommodate two, and even three, occupants each. The female prison, which occupies the Leonard street end of the jail, has 50 cells.

The prison for males is entirely separate from that for females. Each tier in the male prison has its special uses. In a portion of the cells on the lower floor, or ground tier, are placed the convicts—that is, those under sentence. To the second tier are consigned such prisoners as are brought in charged with serious offences, such as arson, murder, etc. To the third tier prisoners brought in for grand larceny and burglary are sent. The cells on the upper tier are reserved for those charged with minor offences, such as petit larceny and the like. The lower tier cells are the largest, those on the upper tier the smallest. All are of the same width, but, owing to the manner in which the corridors are constructed, the cells on each tier are about two feet less in depth than those immediately underneath. The lower cells are quite commodious, but in the upper ones there is no room to spare.

The Franklin street side of the jail was formerly used as a station for the police of the district. It has since been altered, the cells and offices being taken out and the building converted into one large hall. In this hall are put the tramps, vagrants and vagabonds, and those found drunk in the streets, where they are kept until the next morning, when their cases are severally disposed of by the Commissioners—some being sent to the Penitentiary, others to the Workhouse and others to the Almshouse. This building is known to the attaches and frequenters of the Tombs as "Bummers' Hall." The "Ten-Day House," the section to which drunkards and others committed to durance for that length of time are confined, is also in this department.

In the building fronting on Centre street are situated the Warden's offices and residence, the police court and the Court of Special Sessions, each of which will be described in detail. The kitchens, storehouses and the like offices are accommodated in a building which occupies the middle of the square enclosed by the prison. In summer time the prison yard is laid out in grass plots, with gravelled walks cutting them up, and a little fountain sending its spray up to catch what little sunlight finds its way over the towering grey walls. A frog used to have his residence in the damp grass around the base of the fountain and spend his days squatting on the rim of the basin, goggling fearlessly at the passers by. But the real pets of the jail are the pigeons.

There are a countless legion of these, which have made their homes not only in the pigeon houses with which the jail walls are studded but under the eaves of the buildings themselves. They and the sparrows enjoy the freedom of the prison yard to its fullest extent. They are about the only living things there that come and go without the slightest restriction on their movements, for even visitors and keepers require permits to enter and depart. One of the privileges the pigeons take advantage of without stint is that of attending the executions. They never miss one and the strangest of all strange sights in the Tombs is that of a man swinging in mid air with a grave crowd of spectators gathered below him in the cold gloom of the yard and the birds fluttering overhead, the flapping of their wings and their loud cooing filling the mournful air with echoes.

Situated as the Tombs is, in the middle of what was once a fresh water pond filled up with the dirt and rubbish of the city, its drainage is anything but perfect; dampness pervades the entire structure, and it is not an uncommon thing for the cells to be overflowed with the water which is forced back through the drain pipes—yet its sanitary condition compares favorably with that of any similar institution. During the cholera season of 1849 but few cases occurred in the Tombs, and none of them were contracted in the place; principally, however, because the unceasing vigilance of the officers, and the strictest regard to cleanliness and known sanitary laws, preserved the general good health of the prisoners.

The Tombs has, on more than one occasion, been pronounced unsafe. The walls in several places are sunken to a considerable extent. Not many years since a crack, fully four inches in width, which extended from the top to the bottom, was discovered

in one of the walls. It was occasioned by the sinking of some of the foundation stones. This crack was at the time repaired, making the building look to the eye as good as ever, but, as a writer once observed "some day, still, the people may be startled by the announcement that the City Prison has become a Tomb indeed."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PRETTY HOT-CORN GIRL MURDER.

The first execution in the Tombs was that of Edward Coleman, who was hanged there on the morning of January 12th, 1839, for the murder of his wife, Ann Coleman.

Coleman was a negro, and belonged in Philadelphia where he learned the trade of mat-making. He came to New York and one afternoon bought an ear of hot-corn from a vender of that succulent dainty on Park Row. The hot-corn seller was a pretty mulatto girl, from Port au Prince, whose beauty and intelligence had made her quite famous and popular. Newspaper and business men patronized her liberally, and she became as prosperous and coquettish as pretty girls generally do when they are taken notice of by their superiors.

Edward Coleman fell in love with Spanish Ann, as she was called, and became her escort to numerous off-colored festivities and Ethiopian social events. He understood French, having learned his trade with a French negro, and so offered to teach her English. The result was an intimacy which led to their being married.

Coleman was of a jealous disposition and his wife of a frivolous one. The result was that they soon began to quarrel. From being an industrious workman Coleman became an idler and a hard drinker. He objected to his wife's coquetting with her customers, and he followed her when she went out on her hot-corn route in the morning and interfered whenever the slightest movement calculated to arouse his jealousy occurred. As may be imagined Mrs. Coleman did not take these attentions in anything like good part, and they frequently came to blows.

At one of these fights they would separate, but as soon as Coleman got over his bad humor he would turn up again and their housekeeping would be resumed.

On several of these occasions he discovered that his wife had been unduly intimate with other men during his absence. He would usually give her a beating by way of punishment and then dismiss the matter. But whenever he got drunk the rankling sore would break out afresh and he would fall into passions fearful to behold.

On the Saturday previous to the murder, Coleman and his wife had a quarrel and he went off in a bad humor. He had done some work that week and instead of bringing the money he received for it that evening home, he went on a debauch. Mrs. Coleman, "just to spite him," as she put it, arrayed herself in her gayest attire and went to a ball given by a negro named Frazer, in Baxter, or as it was then called, Orange street. She was dancing there when her husband, whom some one had informed of her whereabouts, staggered in. He was maddened with drink, and the frightened woman fled. She dared not go to their house at 137 Fulton street, so she sought refuge with a female friend who ran a boarding-house for colored people at 50 Howard street.

She remained there, undiscovered, until Thursday, when her husband ascertained her whereabouts and hunted her up. The terrified woman tried to hide in the woodshed, but her persecutor caught her. They had a talk, and became, to all appearances, reconciled. She brought him into the house and gave him some supper, and they spent Thursday and Friday nights together on the best of terms.

On Saturday they had another desperate quarrel at breakfast. The landlady interfered and Coleman quieted down. When his wife prepared to go out he signified his intention of following her.

"What for?" she asked.  
"Because I feel like it."  
"Well, I don't."  
"That don't matter, you're my wife and you must come home with me."  
"You know very well, Edward, that you have no home to offer me."

The husband broke out again and again the landlady interfered. The doomed woman had meantime completed her preparations to go out. Her friend, fearing mischief, proposed to go with her. Accordingly, wife, husband and friend set out together.

As they reached the corner of Broadway, Coleman turned on the landlady and said, in a voice hoarse with suppressed fury:

"I am not in your house now."  
"Well, what of that?" she asked.  
"You'll see, and so will that b—h," he replied.  
At this threat Mrs. Coleman halted. She had several times before applied to the police for protection against her husband. She now announced her intention of doing it again.  
"Very well," he said, "I'll go along and help you."

They turned down Broadway together. About midway between Walker and White streets Coleman suddenly fastened on his wife's arm with a grip of iron and thrust his right hand into his breast. The woman screamed and her friend sprang forward to assist her.

Too late!  
A razor flashed in the sun, and dragging his victim's head back by the hair, the murderer drew the deadly blade across her throat. The blow was so fearful a one that it nearly severed the head from the body.

The woman staggered and sank on her knees, got on her feet, reeled a few paces forward and then fell dead.

Her assassin then cast the razor in the gutter and watched her breathe her last with folded arms.

It was between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning, and Broadway was crowded with pedestrians. A score of hands seized the murderer. Coleman made no

effort to resist, only saying to the gentleman who first approached him:

"If you'd done like her I'd cut your throat too."  
Coleman was tried in November, 1838, and in spite of an argument of insanity, found guilty. He spent his time of imprisonment in the Tombs, one of whose earliest and most important prisoners he was. The gallows was erected for the first time in the jail now so famous for its hangings, for him to expiate his crime on.

In the parlance of the gibbet, he died game.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE DRAMA OF LIFE,

Whose Strangest Tableau Was Played  
on the Bowery Sidewalk—The Chance  
Which Reunited Two Sisters and  
Spoiled a Juvenile Target Party.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a mob of urchins assembled in front of a Bowery grocery the other afternoon as a GAZETTE reporter traveled up town. They were filling the air with those hideous noises only boys and girls who go to school in the gutter, and are brought up by hand, with a club in it, know how to produce.

They were also loading the atmosphere with a miscellaneous assortment of missiles, comprising pretty nearly everything capable of being thrown, from a gob of mud or a putrid orange to the corpse of a cat which had tried to stop the wheels of some wagon and made a bad failure of it.

The object of these attentions was a woman.

She was a wretched, tattered, bloated, battered wreck, staggering even as she leaned against the wall with the fumes of the liquid poison she had been imbibing mounting into her brain.

She yet presented some traces of feminine beauty in her puffed and swollen face. Her eyes, bleared and bloodshot, were still large and shaded by long silken lashes. Her skin, even under the grime that coated it, fine of texture. The unsteady hand with which she strove to ward off the fusillade she was being made the target of, though unwashed and black-nailed, was as small and taper-fingered as the finest lady's.

There clung to all the shameful distortion of her womanhood, in fact, a subtle suggestion of some better past that an observant eye could not fail to discover.

The GAZETTE reporter had just insinuated to a red-headed boy with a decayed head of cabbage in his hand that he could find a better use for it than throwing it at a drunken woman, and the youth was rubbing the part that hurt him most and saying naughty words about the reporter, when there was a rustle of silken skirts and a voice cried sharply:

"You little wretches! How dare you! Stop at once or I'll have you all arrested!"

The urchins scattered at this unexpected interruption of their amusement. The woman in the rags straightened herself up suddenly and gave vent to a sharp cry.

For an instant the two stood looking at one another. No one but a blind man could have mistaken the resemblance between them, any more than any one could have mistaken the meaning of the simultaneous exclamations—

"Nellie!"

"Grace!"

In a moment more the outcast had staggered forward and was folded in her happier sister's arms, with her foul rags sully her skirts and her bruised face hidden on her bosom. Even the gutter brats looked on in awe-struck quiet, and then the lady said sharply, "call a hack, somebody."

The first to start at full speed, yelling after a passing coach, was the red-headed boy, who had forgotten his injuries all at once, while a string of his comrades followed him, rending the air with shouts that made the hackman pull up with a suddenness that almost jerked his horse over his head. Before the crowd which had gathered with the suddenness that characterizes a street mob had really commenced to wonder what it was all about, the coach door had slammed upon the strangely contrasted figures and the vehicle whirled away.

Five minutes later the tide of life that ebbs and flows in the great thoroughfare of the east side was in full progress again, little dreaming of the drama of real life whose strangest tableau had just been enacted on the busy pave.

## A CHILD'S QUESTION

Give Away His Mother, and Lays the  
Foundation for a Divorce—A Pennsylvania Sensation.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., November 28.—A prominent citizen of this place has discovered good grounds for divorcing his wife. On Saturday he informed her that he had to go out of town on business. The wife wept over him, but as quick as he left the house went out and got a lady friend to remain all night with her. Saturday night two young men well known here called on them.

They remained until 12 o'clock, when they concluded they would have more fun by going upstairs. The wife and one of the young men took the front room, and the young lady and the other gentleman an adjoining one. In the room occupied by the faithless wife her son, five years old, was sleeping, or supposed to be.

Everything was all right until 4 o'clock Sunday morning, when the front door opened and the wife heard her husband coming upstairs. The two Lotharios made their escape by jumping from the window of the wife's room. When the husband entered all seemed as it should be. The wife yawned opened her eyes and seemed surprised. Just as the husband was about to get into bed their young son looked up and said, "Papa, what made that man jump out of the window?" The husband took a drop and talked of a divorce.



## MYSTERIES OF CITY LIFE.

### Female Gamblers as Seen in the Queen City of the West—A Poker Room That is Run by Women—Exciting Games, and Plenty of Sand Displayed.

A Cincinnati *Enquirer* reporter, while at work on a recently published case, a few nights ago found himself in the company of one of those men whom the world calls "sporting men." Everybody knows that they are the most obliging people in the world, and that they will go further out of their way to accommodate a person than will any other class.

While the work on the above mentioned case was progressing, the subject of female gamblers came up, and the question suggested itself to the mind of the reporter whether there are any regular female gambling rooms in this city. The interrogation was put to the sporting man, and he replied:

"There is such a place in town. But why do you ask?"

"I should like to see women gambling, and if I ever get a chance I mean to get into a place where we are talking about long enough to make a description of the same."

"So far as the chance is concerned I can fix that for you," remarked the sport. "The place I speak of is run by women and patronized by women, but men are not entirely excluded. It requires an introduction merely, and if you will appoint a time of meeting I will take you there. I only ask that you promise not to give away the location or the names of the persons you see there."

The promise was made and the appointment also.

At the time agreed upon the reporter met his pilot, and the two started to visit the poker rooms before mentioned. The rooms, two of which the reporter saw, are nicely but not richly furnished. There are carpets, lace curtains, rich wall paper, easy chairs and regulation poker tables. There is a sideboard stocked with liquors and cigars, and cuspadores were also observable.

The hour selected for the visit was a propitious one, for there were six players at work at the table in the apartment. The reporter was introduced to the proprietress but not to the players.

"Does this business pay?" asked the reporter.

"It pays a fair living," replied the proprietress.

"What do you take off from?"

"Two pair or better."

"What do the chips generally sell for?"

"From twenty-five cents to \$5."

"Is the gambling usually high?"

"That depends upon a great many things. Sometimes my customers are pretty well provided with funds, and when they have money they bet lively. For instance, there is a game that is tolerably altitudinous. The white chips are \$1 each, the red \$2 and the blue \$5, and it costs \$2 a hand to play, \$1 ante and \$1 to draw."

The reporter began to study the players and he noticed that they all drew their cards each deal. They were all intent on the game and the interest was intense. As the reporter neared the table a new deal was being made. The women all paid their antes and filled. One of them drew two cards, one three, one took a book and the others but one card. No. 1 led off with a bet of \$1, and all the rest saw the bet, but nobody offered to raise. No. 1 took the pot, minus the "raking," with three trays. A glance at the hands showed that the others had next to nothing, there being only one pair in all of the hands.

"Heavens, what recklessness," remarked the reporter to his pilot.

"That's the way they play. They seem to want to be in every time, no difference what they hold. Watch them now."

The next hand they all came to center as before, and the first bet was \$5, which all of them "saw," but there was no raise. This time the woman who made the bet held a pair of nines, and the winner flashed a pair of knaves.

"Why do they squander their money that way? Anybody with any judgment would stay out or pass when no cards were held before dumping \$5 into an opponent's hands that way."

"Of course you look at it that way, but may be it is as broad as it is long. Don't you see what the woman made by betting her pair of jacks?"

"Yes, but how foolish to risk so much on a pair of nines."

"You will see that every hand goes here."

"It would be a gift to break such a party if a fellow had a hundred or so start on."

"Would it, think you? Don't you ever tackle them. You will find that they will break any man."

"How?"

"If you were to sit down there and make a bluff at them for \$50 or such a matter—it is a hundred to one you'd get left. You see the trouble is you can't make one of them lay her cards down, and you must play your hand against all of them every time. Well, it is big odds that one of them, at least, will show you a stouter hand than yours. Remember, that \$25 to these women are as trifling as a dollar to you or me. Look at them and you don't have to be told."

Just then there was an illustration of the force of the pilot's remarks. One of the women who wore several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and had a bundle of money as big as her immense arm, made a bet of \$20, and the next woman raised her \$10. The rest saw the bet and the raise. The woman who started with the \$20, held a "king tight;" the one who made the raise, held four queens; the next on her left had a flush, and the others had a pair of aces, trips in tens, and an ace high.

"There, you see where you would be if you had made a bluff at those hands," said the pilot to the reporter.

"They certainly play most wickedly, and they don't

weaken until they are out of the wherewithal, either."

"Don't females of any other class come here?"

"No; these women, as you know by reputation, are wealthy, or, at least, hold the purse strings of men who are. They are the most shrewd gamblers in the world, and it is their favorite pastime. They get tired of the scenes at their homes, and, leaving their houses in charge of their door-attendants, they meet here to obtain excitement, and you see they get it. Some times they go home about even, but at other times one or two or three of them will get broken entirely, so far as her supply on hand is concerned."

The players drank considerable wine and several of them smoked cigarettes during the progress of the game. They all got excited, but did not talk louder than was necessary. They could all handle the cards very conveniently, but none of them allowed the deck to rest on the table when shuffling.

At length one of them proposed to make it a "jack pot" game, and this was agreed to. It was in this game that the reporter got his eye opened as he looked on. After a while the fourth woman from the one who had the first "say" opened the pot for \$25. They all went in, but several passed out on a raise of \$10 from No. 1, and when it came to a show, the woman who had been the first to pass, held four aces, and the reporter noticed she didn't draw a card, showing that she had passed at first with the four aces pat.

The reporter called the pilot's attention to this, and asked what that meant—why didn't No. 1 open, when she had four aces.

"Because she ran the risk of having the pot opened by somebody else, and she wanted a chance to make a big raise that would be bitten at. You see, 'jack pot' is different from the game they were first playing, and, of course, if those who draw cards haven't a hand to beat the hand that 'opens' they are not going to bet against it."

"What effect does getting broke have on these women?"

"They don't turn pale and dizzy and get heart-broken. They get mad. They hate to lose money, they blame and storm at their own bad luck. They don't fight, either, for they are afraid of one another."

As the two visitors withdrew, the reporter looked back at the scene.

The heat from the gas drove the clouds of tobacco smoke around the room above the heads of the gorgeously attired female gamblers, who, with flushed cheeks and dilated eyes, huddled about the table busily engaged in their exciting game; but there wasn't a smile in the company. They played as though they had a certain number of hands within a given time.

The coolest one there, was the woman who passed the "jack pot" with four aces in her hand. She was deliberately wiping her mouth with a napkin and masticating a morsel of sandwich. The reporter lingered to watch her for a moment. After finishing her mouthful of sandwich she slowly picked up her cards and remarked as nonchalantly as could be imagined:

"I think I'll have to call you for \$25."

### A QUEER STORY.

#### Kidnapped From Home by a Negro, and Compelled to Live as His Mistress—Stranger Than Fiction.

A young white woman who gave her name as Annie Ray, called on Attorney General Turner, of the Criminal court, of Memphis, Tenn., last week and asked for an indictment against Zack Seymour, colored, for assault and with intent to kill. In support of this charge she told a story that borders on the miraculous. It ran as follows:

Fourteen years ago, when she was but ten years of age and was living with her parents in Mississippi, the negro, Seymour, came to her father's house and stayed all night. He was a fiddler, and paid for his accommodation with music from a battered instrument he carried with him.

The unaccustomed strains charmed her childish ear, and when he left next morning he easily persuaded her to accompany him to Memphis.

By taking unfrequented roads the two finally arrived there, and went at once to Seymour's house, in the extreme eastern portion of the city. Here Seymour installed her and built a high fence around the house to keep out prying eyes.

In this house she remained unseen by any except her jailor for months and years. Her prison home was the only world she knew; but captivity was nothing compared with the horrors that were to come. Scarcely had she passed childhood when Seymour subjected her to his loathsome embrace, and from that time forth she endured a living death as his mistress.

No opportunity to escape presented itself for years; and so she remained a victim to this brutal tyrant, an innocent prisoner in the midst of a great city, unseen, unheard and unthought of by the thousands who passed and repassed her prison house.

At last, a short time ago, the opportunity came, and slipping out of the house one day during the absence of her jailor, who had for once neglected to lock the door, she rushed into the street. She had not proceeded far before she was met by Seymour, who was returning home, having remembered his failure to lock the house. She turned to flee but was caught by Seymour, who drew a large knife and attempted to kill her, but was prevented by the timely appearance of a colored woman, at whose approach Seymour fled.

The poor girl has been living with the colored woman since the occurrence, fearing to go abroad lest she should again meet her would-be murderer.

A true bill was found by the grand jury against Seymour, and his arrest will follow. The girl, Annie Ray, is about twenty-four years of age, a blonde, and very pretty, but as ignorant as it is possible to imagine any one. She knows nothing of her parents beyond the fact that they resided in Mississippi when she was kidnapped.

### STRANGER THAN FICTION.

#### A Young Lady Charges Her Lover With Rape—Both Parties Willing to Forgive, Forget, Marry and be Happy, But a Cruel Parent Objects.

RUSHSVLVANIA, O., December 1.—One of the most peculiar cases that has ever happened in Rushsylvania, and perhaps in the whole country, is convulsing our citizens at present. Of late we have been getting up a reputation for cases of a scandalous nature, and it is a fact that in some instances the reputation is correct. The case in question was brought before Squire Peter Kautzman, and is nothing less than a charge of rape by one of our handsome young ladies against John Shaw, a young man well known throughout this county. The young lady's affidavit, as sworn to before the Justice, is as follows:

"Before me, Peter Kautzman, one of the Justices of the Peace for Logan county, personally appeared Amanda Rupert, who, being duly sworn according to law, depose and saith that John Shaw, on or about the 11th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, in the county of Logan aforesaid, in and upon one Amanda Rupert, did then and there unlawfully and feloniously ravish and carnally know by force and against her will. She, the said Amanda Rupert, not being then and there the sister or daughter of him, the said John Shaw; and further deponent saith not."

On account of the absence of an important witness for the defence, the case was continued.

Your correspondent was present at the proceedings and interviewed the parties at some length. Miss Amanda Rupert is a very handsome little girl indeed, apparently not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, petite in figure, with large, lustrous blue eyes, heavy brown hair, very small hands, moderately small feet, and a surprisingly well-developed figure. She claims that John Shaw did on the night of the 11th of August last, while buggy riding with him, between Rushsylvania and Big Springs, commit the assault upon her; and that he did ravish her despite her struggles and appeals. As said before, she, although well developed, is very small. She further says that when she arrived home she informed her mother of what had happened, but that on account of the violent disposition of her father he was not informed of what had happened, as he would certainly have killed the young man.

This would appear strange, but it is developed that the little girl loved the young man, and, notwithstanding the harm he had done her, she did not want to see his blood shed. Now comes the strange part of the whole affair, and if the advice of friends had been taken the whole matter would have been settled and the trouble never have been brought before the ruthless gaze of the public through the medium of the courts.

It appears that the little lady is in an interesting condition from the effects of the young man's lust, and that when this was discovered to be the case he offered to marry her—indeed, was anxious to do so—but that the father, who had discovered his daughter's condition, suspected him of being the author of her ruin, and when he found out how his girl had been treated refused to take the proffered reparation, and is determined to send the young Lothario to the penitentiary.

The girl is willing and anxious to marry her destroyer, for she loves him, but her father will not consent, being determined to have revenge for the wrongs done him. Young Shaw is about twenty-one years of age, good-looking, and seems disposed to want to repair any wrong he has done the girl.

The case excites universal interest here, and parties of influential citizens are using every means to get the girl from home, so that she can use her own discretion in marrying, as Shaw and she are both liked, and all hate to see him sent over the road, especially as the girl loves him, and, womanlike, has signified her willingness to forgive him if he will make her the restitution of marriage for his heinous offense.

### BREAK IT GENTLY.

#### A Young Wife Who Forgot Her Marital Promise—A Story Vaguely Told.

Current reports are to the effect that a wife of about one year's standing, young and beautiful, living in Lebanon, O., has proved unfaithful, and thereupon hangs a sad tale, and one other heart is made to ache. The parties are high in social standing. About one year ago the marriage took place. To all appearances the beautiful little wife thought the world of her husband. She clung to him with more than wifely affection. Sad indeed, is it that the flame should so soon flicker and die out, and the ashes of disgrace settle upon the once happy couple. The spouse is a traveling man, and was frequently absent from home for weeks. During his absence, a former chum of his, rather naturally, had a care for his lonely wife, and visited her, but after a short time he tarried too long o' nights, and a spy was placed upon his track and the unfaithfulness of the new wife discovered, and the amorous young photographer caught in situations and attitudes very improper to any one save the husband.

When the facts became known to the husband, if he has ever been informed of the real truth, he did not fly to arms and kill the destroyer of his happiness, thereby making one photographer less, nor the wife of his bosom, the source of so much happiness in the past, nor even put a pistol to his own breast, or drink the fatal dose of poison. He bore his grief philosophically, and if he resolved upon any action in the premises, no one has knowledge of its nature.

We refrain from mentioning names in this connection, owing to the high social standing of the parties; but the secret is out, and there are a sufficient

number now engaged in the laudable effort of keeping it to have it well and thoroughly circulated. The parties are well known in the county, and especially in Lebanon and the western portion of the county. For the good of all the parties we trust it will never become known. We have not said a word about it, and enjoin a similar duty upon all others. We are truly sorry she went naughty.

### MARY'S FIX.

#### A Sensation From Hoop-pole Township, Posey County, Indiana—A Hoosier Who Pulled Up Stakes and Skipped Out.

VINCENNES, Ind., Nov. 27.—A startling sensation was created at Grayville, Ill., a town on the Cincinnati and Vincennes Railroad, a few miles south of here, a few days ago, the particulars of which are decidedly interesting.

Until recently Mr. Samuel Wheeler was a well-to-do farmer in Wayne county, Ill., but arriving at the conclusion that there was a quicker way to make a living than by farm-drudgery, he pulled up stakes and left, taking with him his young and handsome wife.

Mr. Wheeler settled on the banks of the Wabash River, taking a contract from a railroad to furnish ties. Afterward he drifted into Posey county, this state—the celebrated hoop-pole region—and opened a hushery.

Among those who fitted their legs to Mr. Wheeler's mahogany was Mr. John B. Brown, late of suckerdom. Mr. Brown cast lustful eyes on Mrs. Wheeler, and by pulling his wires correctly, soon ingratiated himself in her good graces. Wheeler fired Mr. Brown out of his house when he saw how the wind blew, but this did not have the desired effect, for Mrs. Wheeler would steal out to meet Brown in dalliance dangerous but sweet.

The climax was capped a few days ago by the elopement of Mrs. Wheeler with Mr. Brown. They crossed the raging Wabash and wended their way on foot to Grayville, where they arrived under cover of darkness, and sought a room in the Rigall House, representing themselves as man and wife.

Like a sleuth-hound on the trail, the bereaved Wheeler followed his unfaithful wife. About 4 o'clock the next morning, with an officer of the law, Mr. Wheeler disturbed the dreams of the guilty couple by knocking on the door of their room. After some demurring the door was opened and revealed to the astonished gaze of the loving husband the form of his darling wife and Mr. Brown *en deshabille*, both trembling with fear of the wrath to come. Instead of avenging the insult with blood the dejected Wheeler only wailed, "Oh, Mary, Mary, what a fix for you to be caught in," and left them to the consolation of their guilty conscience.

A divorce will be in order, the evidence being all on the side of the injured husband. Such is life in Hoop pole township, Posey county.

### "How He Worked 'Em."

[With Portrait.]

Dr. Lightfoot, a young Irishman, twenty-four years of age, clad in aboriginal costume, dropped into Syracuse, N. Y., about two months ago with an invoice of cheek and mind prepared to revolutionize medical society, and reconstruct the art on the Indian basis.

He spent hundreds of dollars in handbills and in procuring whole "insides" of the daily press. He made the town gape with his four-horse rig and stunning style.

Th "guys" flocked in to be cured of everything, from toothache to pulmonary consumption, including some wealthy citizens, by this patent process.

Prominent ladies, unbeknown to their husbands, entrusted the winning M. D. with diamond ear-rings, necklaces, and miscellaneous jewelry to be redeemed with money, when they were cured.

The doctor hadn't time to wait until the cures set in, as the smiling South was awaiting its turn, where it is pretty certain he has located at 24 St. Charles street, New Orleans, La. He has "practiced medicine" in Indianapolis, Ind., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Louisville, Ky. All of these places grieve at his absence.

### An Impossible Feat.

[Subject of Illustration.]

About a week ago college girls at Earlham, Ind., had a kicking match in the upper dormitory, after the lights were turned down for the night, and one of them, a Miss Johnson, of Kokomo, tried to kick with both feet at once. She lost her balance and fell heavily to the floor, a d was so badly stunned that she was taken to the nursery, where she still remains, suffering from a severe attack of nervous prostration brought on by the fall. It is thought that the accident may result seriously.

Professor Alva H. Sabin occupied the chair of chemistry in Ripon College, Michigan. Miss Barden was a student, and they fell in love with each other. The professor utilized his knowledge of chemicals by writing to the girl with invisible ink, which could be brought to view by heat. One of these letters was found by her room-mate, who handed it to the matron, who handed it to the faculty, who heated and read it. The contents were such as to cause the dismissal of Miss Barden; but Sabin had already resigned, preparatory to going East, and before starting married Miss Barden.

A vigilance committee of Hart Pierre, in Dakota Territory, last week attacked a band of outlaws who had been the terror of the town and killed their leader, Arkansas Joe, and wounded four others. The vigilants escaped unhurt.









"CLEAR THE STAGE."  
Bouncing the Mashers Before the Rise of the Curtain.



## A LONG WAY OFF

Is the Millenium Which Some People  
of a Hopeful Frame of Mind Are  
Always Talking About.

### A SATISFACTORY SETTLEMENT.

A Desperado's Invitation to a  
Shooting Match, and the  
Way it Ended.

### MR. PHILLIPS' ESCAPE.

Sent to Prison for Seventy Years---All  
for the Sum of Twelve  
Dollars.

### LOTTA'S CRAZY LOVER.

A Town That Takes the Belt  
for Frisky Inhabitants.

#### PARALYZED IN A BALL-ROOM.

A ball at the residence of Mrs. Austin in Sharon Township, N. C., was ended in a summary manner. It was the highest-toned affair of this gay season. The violin struck up, the pretty girls and young men selected partners, and Will Johnson, a popular young planter, aged 17, got up to dance the raguet. He had scarcely taken his position when, with a moan, he hastily put his hand to his side, and fell stricken with paralysis. He is now at the point of death.

#### JERSEY'S ELOPEMENT.

The details of a sensational elopement at Montague, N. J., were made public this week. William Phillips, aged thirty five, the father of two children, has run away with Mrs. John Middaugh, a pretty and well educated young woman, the wife of a prosperous farmer. Mrs. Middaugh has one child about five years old, whom she took with her. The whereabouts of the guilty couple are unknown. Phillips had been on intimate terms with the Middaugh family, but the elopement of the twain created great excitement. No steps will be taken to capture the guilty pair, who have probably gone West.

#### RIDDLED BY REQUEST.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 27.—Charles Welch, a noted desperado, was killed yesterday at Enterprise, in Sebastian county. He was from Texas, having fled the state to escape punishment for two or three murders. A day or two since he had a quarrel with a man named Baker, and swore he would kill him on sight. Baker swore out a warrant for Welch's arrest. The officer who served the writ surprised Welch, and, covering him with a revolver, ordered him to surrender. "You can take me dead, but not alive," at the same time drawing a revolver. Before the words were barely out of his mouth the officer fired, shooting him three times and killing him instantly.

#### SENT TO PRISON FOR SEVENTY YEARS.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 27.—Two weeks ago the residence of Thomas O'Brien, in this city, was entered by two tramps named Benjamin Hahn and Alexander Barto. Hahn crushed the heads of Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien with a hammer while they were sleeping, and, stealing twelve dollars in money, decamped. Both he and Barto were arrested as they were leaving for Buffalo the next morning. They confessed the crime, and were sentenced by Judge Riegel yesterday. The judge sentenced Hahn to Auburn prison for seventy years and Barto for thirty years. Hahn is twenty-two years old, and if he lives to serve out his term he will be ninety-two years old when liberated. His portrait appeared in a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

#### A SATISFACTORY SETTLEMENT.

ANDREAS MOHN, a German sailor, was arrested in Hoboken, N. J., on a charge of having deserted from the steamer Gollert, and taken before Justice Dixon of the Supreme Court. After hearing a short argument Justice Dixon issued an order releasing Mohn from the county jail on the ground that there were no sufficient reasons for his arrest or his further detention. Mohn was immediately arrested by Constable Zimmerman on a charge of betrayal under promise of marriage, made by Mrs. Ida Metz. The prisoner was taken to Hoboken, where he was warmly met by the young widow. The couple went to the house of Justice Strong, where Mrs. Metz formally withdrew her charge. Mohn and Mrs. Metz were married, and started for the West in the evening on their wedding trip. Mrs. Metz is said to be worth \$30,000. She became initiated with the gallant tar while returning from Germany, and her arrest of Mohn is said to be only a ruse to get him out of the ship authorities' hands.

#### A FIENDISH OUTRAGE.

In the neighborhood of Hiramburg, O., the citizens are in a fever of excitement. A few days ago Miss Elizabeth David, residing near that place, was going from her home to that of her neighbor, when she was overtaken on the road by John Nizwanger and Enos McLaughlin. These ruffians succeeded in persuading the young lady to get on the horse behind one of them, to save her walking. She, little thinking of the hellish designs of the scoundrels, accepted.

When they reached the residence of Samuel McLaughlin, who, with his family, were absent on a visit to some of the neighbors, the two men dismounted. One of them held the girl while the other put the horses in the stable. Coming back they together dragged the poor girl into an outhouse and repeatedly violated her person. The young lady being threatened with death if she ever divulged her shame was only persuaded by her parents after the trio had departed. Friends of the unfortunate girl swore out warrants for the arrest of John and Enos, and swear vengeance if they are caught. The constables of Noble and Brookfield Townships are after them.

#### LOTTA'S CRAZY LOVER.

ERHARD ZAPF, who about a year ago, created a sensation by declaring that he was the husband of Lotta Crabtree, the well-known actress, was committed to the Napa, Cal., Insane Asylum last week. He told his story to lawyers in San Francisco, and gave so many circumstantial details that they were induced to take up his case. He claimed to have married Lotta several years ago, and to have had two children which he alleged she was hiding away from him. The story was generally discredited, as Zapf was an ignorant longshoreman of intemperate habits. When the actress heard of the case she threatened to have the legal rhysters arrested for blackmail, and they dropped Zapf and his case at once. Since then he has been working around the water front in San Francisco, and has been relating the story of his wrongs. He has increased the number of his children to seven, and was deep in imaginary suits of the actress. Late-ly he imagined that a trunk had been stolen from him at his boarding-house, and behaved in so violent a manner, that he was arrested and taken before the Commissioners, who sent him to the Insane Asylum.

#### GETTING TO BE A SECOND SODOM.

Crime is on the increase in Steubenville, O., and it can all be traced to one cause—the impunity with which houses of ill-fame are conducted. Their doors are flung open and young and old men are invited to enter. And not only this, but the women parade the streets decked out in gorgeous style, and with brazen impudence flaunt their wicked business in the faces of respectable people. Surprising as it may seem, Steubenville, with only 12,000 inhabitants can boast of thirty or forty of these places. Young girls see the manner in which they are conducted, and, blinded by the false glitter, are induced to go astray. Daughters of respectable and prominent citizens are known to have taken false steps because of influences coming from such dens. Demoralization of this nature is not only caused, but young men can date their downfall to the first visit they paid to the home of some prostitute. It has become such a common occurrence for old and young men to visit houses of ill-fame that they are no longer ashamed of it, and do not try to hide the fact. The women do not seem to be amenable to the law, for they are not called to account for their actions.

#### JACOB HENRY'S ACT.

The alleged rape of Emma Jelly by her uncle, Jacob Henry, a well-to-do German resident of the West Side, Cleveland, Ohio, has added another subject for that city of scandals to feast upon. Miss Jelly, the reported victim, is about twenty years old, well formed, tall, and a blonde of rather handsome type. Her parents died when she was an infant, and she had made her way through the world on her own responsibility and with good success, no one ever casting a reflection on her character. She has a wealthy grand mother in Brooklyn, to whom she will return when her present trouble is settled. Her story of the alleged outrage is as follows: "On the 8th of October last uncle Henry told me to stay up to let in a nephew of his who boarded with us, and who was out rather late on this particular night. I did not retire, but reclined on a lounge in the sitting-room. While there I dozed to sleep. How long I slept I cannot say, but I was awakened about the middle of the night by feeling a hand upon my person. Upon opening my eyes I beheld my uncle bending down over me, and I noticed that my clothing was disarranged. I attempted to make an outcry, but he prevented me from doing so by putting his hand over my mouth, and then and there he committed an outrage upon me. When he was about to leave the room he turned upon me and said: 'Emma, if you ever tell anybody of this I'll kill you.' I soon afterward retired to bed and cried myself to sleep. On the day following I went over to see Malinda Thompson, a friend of mine, who was employed at 139 Liberty street, and told her of what had occurred, and she advised me to return and get my clothing before taking any further steps in the matter. I returned and remained at work for my uncle until the 14th of the present month. During this intervening time he made two attempts to enter my room, but I always took the precaution to bar the door by putting a barrier against it on the inside." The Miss Thompson to whom the girl refers is an elderly matron who has furnished Miss Jelly protection and a home since the 15th of this month. When Henry learned that Emma was stopping with Miss Thompson he went to the latter and threatened her for harboring the girl, saying: "I will put a bullet through you, if it takes twenty years." For this Miss Thompson caused his arrest, and Justice Smith fined him the costs of the case.

#### Wooden Anatomy.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A correspondent of a western paper relates an incident which goes to show that necessity is indeed the parent of invention, especially when the parties in need of the invention are females. A number of young ladies who are studying medical science from an anatomical standpoint had failed to obtain subjects upon which to prosecute their studies. So they went into an artificial limb manufactory and asked the privilege of an examination of the stock. The wooden limbs served as models of that part of the human frame divine. Whether they acquired any knowledge of anatomy from that source the correspondent fails to tell.

### EMMA BABBITT'S STORY.

How a Leading Physician was Blackmailed—A Startling Narrative of a Woman's Shame—Villainy of the Seducer.

Cleveland's, O., upstartdom have been plunged into a shower bath of social shame, the causes growing out of the Scott-Cross trial, two very prominent business men in that city. Emma Babbitt was an inmate of the family of Mr. Cross, and a few years ago charged Dr. Scott with having seduced her. She has evidently experienced a change of heart, and now claims that Cross instead of Scott was the guilty man. The story of the woman, drawn out by pointed questioning, is given briefly as follows:

"I was an inmate of the Cross family in 1874. I first met them in London in September, 1873, at the house of an acquaintance, where they also visited. After that I frequently paid visits to Henry Cross' mother, he seeing me home. Henry left for Germany in November. I next saw him in July, 1874, here on Euclid avenue, and he asked me to accompany him to his mother's house. I once went after him to the fall races. After becoming an inmate of his house, I sometimes took rides with him. Henry Cross, knowing that Dr. Scott was paying his addresses to me, disliked the Doctor. He told me that Dr. Scott had been speaking of me down town in a derogatory manner, and that the Doctor was making a fool of me.

"In October, 1874, Henry Cross began to pay me some attention. He was anxious to have me to stay at home in the evenings, and sometimes kissed me. He also put his arm around me when going up stairs. There was a billiard room in the house, and he taught me to play. No one but he and myself were in the room when he gave me lessons. During the winter we had lunch there. Cross kept various kinds of liquor, and occasionally brought me some ale. We partook of the liquor in his bedroom and in the room adjoining my bedroom. On the evening of the 5th of November, after I had gone to bed, he came to my bedroom and sat down beside the bed. He told me if I did not comply with his wishes he would tell his mother that I had improper relations with Dr. Scott, and that he would ruin my character. I cried and begged of him to cease, but it was of no avail. He accomplished his purpose, remaining in bed with me a half or three-quarters of an hour.

"Henry Cross met me frequently after that in his bedroom and in the one adjoining mine. My bed was in the second story, on the west side. Henry's was on the west side of the same floor. Henry and I were the only ones sleeping up stairs. Miss Lee, Henry's cousin, was sleeping with her aunt, Henry's mother. In November I had intercourse with Henry several times. In December it was almost nightly. This would always happen either in his room or mine. It was some time in December that Henry Cross told me that when I refused to kiss him in September he had sworn a solemn oath to possess me body and soul. He said he supposed I kept my kisses for Dr. Scott.

"Our relations were resumed after his mother's death, which was in January, 1875. Then I would see him in the afternoon, as his father slept with him at night. Our meetings would take place sometimes in the billiard-room, and sometimes in the library. In January, 1875, I first discovered I was in a delicate way, and told Henry Cross about it. He said: 'Babbitt, I believe you are in trouble.' Then he said he would get me something to take, and soon after he gave me some pills. They did me no good, and he said he would get me something stronger if he dared. I suggested procuring the services of a clairvoyant and he gave me \$3 for that purpose. That was in April, 1875. I got more medicine, but it did no good. Finally I told him I could not hide my condition much longer, and he said he would have to send me away. He spoke about Buffalo then, and next spoke about my leaving in June. He often spoke about it, but never seemed ready to act, saying he could not get the money. I expected to be confined in September.

"One night about 11 o'clock Henry's father asked me if I was in trouble, and I told him, after some hesitation, that I was. He then asked me who was to blame for it, mentioning the names of several prominent men of my acquaintance. I told him the guilty man was Dr. Scott. Henry told me to say Dr. Scott, because he wanted revenge for being called a 'guy' and 'bump on a log' by the doctor. He said every one would believe it of Dr. Scott. In January, 1875, Henry Cross first spoke of marrying me. I asked him to fulfill his promise, but he said he was not in business, and, therefore, in no condition to marry."

Miss Babbitt was then asked: "When was your child born?"

"On the 27th of August, 1875."

"Who was the father?"

"Henry Cross."

The answer was spoken clearly, and created an intense undercurrent of excitement. Miss Babbitt then resumed, saying in substance the following: "Prior to the time of my confinement I was instructed to write a letter to his father, thanking him for his kindness to me, and laying the blame for my trouble on Dr. Scott. I wrote such a letter, and also one to Henry, as he said it would look well to do so. I showed both letters to Henry."

These letters were produced and read. They were well constructed and apparently sincere in tone. Miss Babbitt, in answer to further questions, said she went to Chicago in 1875, and, while there, received a letter from Mr. David Cross.

This letter was also read. It sympathized with her in her trouble, denounced Dr. Scott, and ended with the hope that everything would come out right. Miss Babbitt's child was at Mr. Cross' residence, in the city, at the time.

After she had been in Chicago for a time her attorney, John Coan, went there and induced her to return to Cleveland. She became acquainted with Coan in 1875. She was met at the depot by Mr. Cross and Henry, both appearing glad to see her.

Henry kissed her repeatedly, she asserts, and when alone with her spoke to her about going away with him, naming San Francisco as a good place. On her arrival she was driven to Mrs. Kimberly', and here she understood from Mr. Cross, arrangements had been made for her stopping. She could not tell precisely why Mr. Cross did not take her to his own house where the child was.

She had an interview with Mr. Cross and Mr. Coan she said, and the former said he would stand the of the suit then instituted. This was the first suit against Mr. Scott. Her criminal relations with Henry Cross, she said, were resumed after the death of the child, which took place in August, 1876. She would meet Henry Cross in his house.

She again found herself in an interesting condition in January, 1876, and also in the summer of the same year. In each case, she alleges, Henry Cross was responsible.

She had several quarrels with him soon after, on account of attentions he was paying to a young girl at Peninsula. She says she told him if he kept up she would go to Dr. Scott and tell him the whole story. He said I would not dare to do it, because they would put me in the penitentiary.

The afternoon of the first day of the trial was taken up by the court in reading several letters which had passed between the witness and Henry Cross, all them being sweet morsels for scandal mongers to under their tongues. Quotations are here presented as samples:

"CLUB HOUSE, May 12.

"MY DARLING PET BABBY—Have you got a girl yet? I hope so, for I want you to go out with me. Will you, Babby Pet?"

HENRY.

"EMMA—Haven't received a letter from you 'n a long time. What in h—l is to pay, my once darling Babby?"

HENRY.

"P. S.—With my love I am your Henry, and you my darling Babby."

There is no telling what developments this case will bring forth, or what the eventual outcome will be. It will consume considerable more time before completed. Meanwhile society holds its breath in agonizing suspense.

### THE FINGER PRINT.

How Human Ingenuity is Taxed to Discover the Clues to Mysterious Crimes.

A great deal of man's cunning has been called into play for the detection of criminals. Sensational books descant on the exact shape of the shoe, the pegged or patched sole, the worn-down heel, which traces the murderer has left on the garden walk. Edgar Poe's ingenuity is naught when compared with the art of detectives in the popular romances. Once the microscopists declared that the peculiarity of a man's hair was such as to distinguish it from that of any other individual. There was, once, too, a famously ludicrous gag, about a murdered man's eyes, which were to have photographed in them the exact carte de visite of the assassin.

Chemistry, physics, have all been called upon in turn to bring murderers to justice. To mark a man who has committed one crime, so as to facilitate his detection when suspected of another guilty act, led to branding. We are much more humane to day, as we photograph rascals, and expose their villainous portraits in the Rogues' Gallery. But here is a Chinese trick which is more than curious, for it seems to have some basis of fact to substantiate its use. Chinese criminals from the earliest times have been made to give the prints of their fingers and thumbs—"just as we make ours yield their photographs."

The tips of the fingers and thumbs are slightly blackened, say with a dab of printer's ink, and then pressed on a sheet of white paper; then out come the idiosyncracies of these fingers. Now, this new process of identification is based on the fact that those fine lines which form loops and patterns, starting sometimes from a common centre about half way in the last joint of the finger, are never alike in any two persons, for the fingers have distinct skin physiognomies.

There seems to be heredity about it, and children of the same parents have the same identical lines. Now, when a murderer leaves his bloody tracery on a wall, his hands red with the gore of his victim, it would be curious to study the peculiarities of the horrible imprint he may have left, and the minute whorls or loops might identify him. Lesser crimes, such as of pilfering, might bring about the detection in this way. One's decanter of choice brandy bears on the glass a certain smudgy imprint, or a pot of jelly in the closet shows baby's sticky fingers, and then Bridget or little Billy is summoned to justice.

### Sport in the West.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Among the recent attractions offered for the entertainment of the Carson City, Nev., people was a fight between a dog and a bear on the stage of Moore's Theatre, in that city. He had just returned from the Comstock mines, where he had vanquished every thing canine that came before him.

The Carsonites were resolved to vanquish him. A Miss Clapp is the possessor of a big bruteable to chew up anything of his weight. A sporting gentleman called upon Miss Clapp and asked if he could borrow the dog for a few days to fight bears with. "Why, certainly," was the reply. "Just unchain him and take him down."

The man attempted to unchain the monster, but by the time he was half through suddenly y dropped the chain and got over the fence. As he passed Bosko's merchant tailor shop, he asked how much they would charge to put a patch in his pants about two feet square.

Several dog owners matched their pets against bruin, and the show was a big success.



## AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its  
Heroes—Great Fistic Encounters  
Between Pugilists of the  
Past and Present.

Paper Bullets of the Brain Pre-  
ceding the Greatest Fight  
on Record.

NERVING FOR THE STRUGGLE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE, OF NEW YORK,  
By WM. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

From the same place, February 15th, Heenan again wrote:

"Sayers has had his colors out for some time, and mine also are now ready; and here it may be well to give you a little description of both.

"Sayers' is a buff ground, with red border; in the center is the standard and motto of Great Britain, with a lion rampant in each corner of the buff square.

"Mine is a red ground, with white and blue border, thus forming the 'red, white and blue.' In the blue border are thirteen white stars. The center piece is a dark eagle, with shield on the breast. In a semi-circular form, around the eagle's head, are the words 'May the best man win.'

"Thus you will perceive, Sayers has for his emblem the king beast of the forest, while mine is the king bird of the air; and if he does not clip my wings, I will cut his tail. I will send you one of my colors.

"I have taken my medicine this week, and will be ready to go into hard work the ensuing week, which will leave me seven weeks to get into proper fix, which is amply sufficient time for my purpose.

"\* \* \* I intend to visit London on Monday next, in order to go and see the fight between Travers and Mace on the 21st; and as there are two other fights announced for the occasion, I expect to witness a good day's sport. Besides, as I have not yet seen Sayers, I expect to meet him at the fight, and next week I will send you my opinion of the English champion, and my ideas of the English ring generally.

"\* \* \* Tell Dick Ridsen that I will draw that 'wipe' he presented me across my nose (if there should be any left) coming down from Oxford on the 17th of April. Yours, JOHN C. HEENAN."

On February 27th, from Salisbury, England, Heenan wrote the following:

"I have just arrived from London, to which city I returned after witnessing the fights between Mace and Travers, and Dillon and Harris.

"It is useless for me to send you an account of these affairs, as you will no doubt receive full reports through the London papers ere this reaches you.

"I was much pleased with my trip on the occasion of my first appearance at a prize fight in England, where I was well treated by the pug, without one single exception. According to my observations at the fights referred to, prize encounters are conducted here somewhat similar to those at home; with the exception that here, order is more rigidly enforced, and there is vastly less fuss made; rules which might be imitated with advantage in the prize ring of America.

"I saw Mr. Gideon, the backer of Sayers; Harry Brunton and a number of the most intimate friends of Sayers; but the champion himself was not present. I also saw Bob Brettell, Tom Paddock, Dan Thomas, Gillan, and in fact nearly all the pugilists of celebrity in England.

"I had well nigh forgotten to mention my own countryman, Charley Lynch, champion feather-weight, and who matched to fight Shaw, in the same ring with Sayers and myself. I had quite a lengthy conversation with Lynch, in the course of which he made many inquiries concerning his friends in New York, and seemed particularly anxious to learn whether his friend Kit Burns was growing much handsomer. Yours, JOHN C. HEENAN."

The following was Heenan's last letter prior to the great battle:

"BEDFORD, Eng., March 29, 1880.

"You will observe by the heading to this letter that we have once more been compelled to change our quarters. Is it not a little singular that while I have been disturbed no less than four times in my training, Sayers remains at Newmarket unmolested?

"It is certainly vexatious to be driven from place to place, as I have been, yet I do not suffer it to disturb my equanimity; but, on the contrary, it has the effect to incite me to leave no fair means untried to baffle my opponents. \* \* \* I have just received intelligence that Morrissey has arrived, in company with Dad Cunningham and Paddy Hughes. Morrissey has stated in the papers that if I win my battle with Sayers, he (Morrissey) will fight me again, but not otherwise. He goes down to-day to spar with Sayers. \* \* \* The news was forwarded to you by the last steamer that the fighting had been set back to the 13th.

"For certain reasons we have again changed the time to fighting to Wednesday, the 18th day of April. This news you have in advance of others, so make use of it in the *Clipper*. \* \* \* I wish you would send the *Clipper* to my trainer, Jack Macdonald, whose address I inclose. He is a staunch friend, and his heart and soul are wrapped up in this match.

Yours, JOHN C. HEENAN."

Just one month before the fight Tom Sayers sent the following letter to George Wilkes:

"NEWMARKET, Eng., March 12, 1880.

"DEAR SIR—Since I had the pleasure of meeting you at the Gordon Hotel, in London, last Monday, it has struck me that you would not, perhaps, consider it lost time, after having come so far to look after 'the big match' you made between Heenan and me, to just take a run down here, to see how I go on with my training, and to have, if you like, an hour or two's walk with me.

"Whether I win or lose, I feel obliged to you for getting me this chance; and if I can afford you any information, or be of any service to you, why I should like to do so. In fact, sir, I have nothing to conceal or make a mystery of in my preparation; and I only am 'not at home' to general visitors, because it would interfere with my work, and bother me, if I had to see everybody that called.

"As I said before, I have no secrets about my method of getting ready for the fight; I only take the usual means of keeping in good health, and nearly all my training is confined, as you will see, if you come down, to walks with my old friend Bob Fuller, who you will recollect meeting with me at the Gordon. I am happy to say I am as well as I could wish to be at present; and I assure you I am also glad to hear that your friend Heenan is doing equally well.

"I hope you will excuse me for taking the liberty to say that the reports which have been spread about my being so greatly disappointed in not meeting with Heenan soon after his arrival in this country, are a good deal overdone. I was rather disappointed, it is true; but it was as much on account of my not being able to give him, a stranger, the hospitable greeting of an Englishman, as from my curiosity to know the kind of a man I have to contend with. I suppose, however, he has good reasons for the course he took; and if it is likely to be of service to him, I shall be the last man to complain of any advantage he may derive from it. He is a stranger here, and if there is to be any 'best of it,' before we go into the ring, I am more willing that he should have it than myself. I will do my best when I do get there, you may rely upon it. My colors are the British flag, and if my countrymen do not object to my upholding them, I will try and make sure that no disgrace shall occur through me, even though I should not come off victorious.

"And now, sir, as I may not see you before the day of the fight (unless you can spare time to run down here), I wish you would say in your paper, for me, that I feel grateful to the newspapers of your country for the kind manner in which they have always spoken of me in connection with the national match with Heenan. So far as I am concerned, I haven't heard of a single unfriendly word, and you can, if you please, say for me, in acknowledging it, that I hope and trust Heenan will have nothing to complain of from me whilst he is here, from first to last, however the battle may go. After it is decided, and whether I win or lose, I think it likely I may pay a visit to America; and if I do, I will, in person, thank the Americans for the liberality of feeling and great good will they have all along shown toward me. Hoping you may find it convenient to come down, I remain, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

TOM SAYERS."

In the meantime the fight created quite a breeze on both sides of the Atlantic, and as the day of settlement drew nigh, the interest felt in the match became more widespread, and but little was thought or talked of but the big fight and its probable issue. London was in a perfect blaze of excitement for days previously, and on the night of the 16th—the eve of the all-important trial—the various sporting houses of the East and West ends were crowded as they had never been before by parties anxiously seeking after information concerning the *locale*, starting point, etc., the inquirers embracing men in every walk of life, all for the nonce treading the same path and impelled by the same desire—to see the great battle of the age.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The continued history of the American Prize Ring, which commenced in No. 141, illustrated sensational sketches of events transpiring all over the world, all the latest sporting news at home and abroad, with answers to correspondents.

STOPPING A WOMAN'S MOUTH.

The Way a Young Benedict Took to Spare Himself From Feminine Chin Music.

Mrs. Fanny Mulhall, the young and beautiful wife of Mr. Wm. Paris Mulhall, applied for a divorce last week in St. Louis, Mo., and a day or two after she obtained an order of delivery from the court for a lot of household furniture, beds, bedding, chairs, tables, etc., which she alleges were taken from her by the parents of her husband.

The marriage of the young couple, two or three years ago, created a sensation in fashionable society, and they went to housekeeping with every appearance of a long and brilliant honeymoon. The parents of the bridegroom gave them a well-furnished house and their blessing, and fondly believed that Willie and Fanny would skip together along the flowery path of life without a cloud to mar their beauty.

Just what occurred to change their Eden into a howling wilderness does not appear, but as the wife alleges in her petition, she gave her a severe thumping, and crammed a whole chamois skin into her mouth to muffle her shrieking lips. Whether it is practicable to plug up a lady's mouth with a chamois skin depends on the size of the skin and the capacity of the orifice, and will be a matter for the judge to decide when the case comes to trial.

The parents of the young chamois hunter appear to have taken sides with him, as they hold the furniture and the skin on the bill of sale from him, duly recorded in the Recorder's office. The attorney of Mrs. Fanny Mulhall claims that she has a right to the use of the furniture, as a portion of it was given to her by her mother-in-law. At all events, she will regain possession of it, and let the law settle the title.

RUINED BY A RAKE.

One of the Most Curious Domestic Tragedies in Many Years—The Woman in the Case Confesses Her Crime, Attempts Suicide, and Subsequently Loses Her Reason—An Affecting Case.

A few days ago there was recorded in the register of the City Prison of San Francisco, the arrest of Mary Ann Beach for insanity. Investigation of the case shows one of the most curious domestic tragedies that has occurred for many years. The simple entry means a ruined home, motherless children, half-crazed husband, and wife gone stark raving mad through the effect of remorse for her infidelity to marriage vows. The story is as follows:

About one year ago Mr. and Mrs. Beach lived in Plumas County. The husband was a mining man, and was offered employment in the State of Nevada, which would compel him to be absent from home fully a year. He explained the matter to his wife, obtained her consent to go, and made ample provision for her and the two children. The husband was gone a year lacking eighteen days. He corresponded with his wife and supposed all was well.

In the meantime the wife had received attentions from and was criminally intimate with a man well known to her husband and now in business in Lassen County. The husband returned, but on the very day he got back, after supper, his wife informed him she had something to tell him. After some persuasion she told the astonished husband that she had been untrue to him and was enceinte. He replied, "Mary, I would rather you had killed me than told me that." He told her he should make no scandal about the matter, but would sue for divorce next day. Meanwhile she was to keep her apartments, as all was ended between them, forgiveness being out of the question.

Mr. Beach got a divorce, with custody of the children, but he could not bring himself to turn out into the street the woman who had borne to him his two little ones, aged eighteen months and three years, so he offered her shelter and employment as house-keeper and nurse to her own children.

The woman, in deep grief and remorse, thankful even for such mercy, accepted the proposition. They lived entirely apart though under one roof. Three months ago they moved to this city. When the period of the woman's confinement drew near Mr. Beach suggested that she go to a hospital, but after delivery, if she chose to return, he would employ her as before, and she could have a home with him as long as she lived.

The woman was absent a short time, but returned without the child. She made no explanation. He asked no questions. She merely begged piteously to be given a home and a chance to care for the children as before her departure. The husband allowed this, but he noticed a great change in her manner. She was more tender to the children than ever before, but wept continually. Her mind was deranged, and a month after her return she attempted to take her life with a knife. Her husband prevented her and set a strict watch over her. She grew worse daily, sunk into hopeless melancholy, from which she aroused herself only a fortnight ago to attempt suicide by jumping into the bay. Her husband, as a last resort, called in a police officer who lives in the neighborhood and the woman was quietly arrested, examined, found to be insane, and was sent to the Napa Insane Asylum. The husband provided for her comfort in every way. He visited the asylum a few days ago but she did not recognize him or the little children whom he brought with him. She had wasted in flesh, and the physicians said she would not live long. Mr. Beach, who is an Englishman, intends to go to his old home in a short time, to educate his children.

A LOTHARIO'S HAUNTS.

Among the Sylvan Beauties—An Episode That Started a Quiet Ohio Village.

There are prospects of a first-class sensation, and probably a funeral, in the little corporation of Madisonville, Ohio, on the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad. About a year ago there came to the place a "la-da-dah" sort of a fellow, who claimed to be a correspondent of an Eastern paper. He always dressed in the height of fashion, and on the trains he made a practice of walking through each and every car, except the smoking, he it said, half a dozen times before reaching the city, and staring at the fair passengers. In fact, he was a regular "lady-killer"—in his mind. To tell the truth, he was rather a handsome man, and though within the shades of thirty, he always found it to his taste to mingle with the school-girls, the young misses from sixteen to eighteen who daily traveled on the road to and from their studies. His affable manners, in addition to his attractiveness as a fluent conversationalist, made him a favorite with the fair young students who were just at the age to relish the romance of a "picked up" acquaintanceship, the result of an "innocent flirtation," without once thinking of the probable result of such an indiscretion. The young man was well versed in the art of fiction, it appears, for to half a dozen young ladies he told as many different stories of the wonderful experiences of his youth. They relished these accounts, but their "papas," to whom complaints of sundry actions were made, compared notes, and unanimously agreed that the young man, if he wasn't anything else, was something of a "blow-hard."

Matters progressed quietly until a few weeks ago, when the daughter of a prominent resident of the borough was discovered in his company, he being engaged in the delectable pursuit of pouring champagne down her throat. The incident was remarked, and a few "big brothers" warned the fellow that if he didn't want to get shot he must forever abstain from such actions. But his indiscretion played him badly,

for in company with another he made a remark that branded him as black a villain as suspicion before had painted him. The means of sustenance he employed was always a mystery, and some of the citizens took it into their heads to inquire if there was such a paper in existence as the one he said he was connected with. The mails from Boston failed to bring any tidings of such a publication, and the mystery of his avocation was thrown under a deeper cloud. The last overtures he made were of a decidedly broad character, and he was warned by indignant parents that if he did not desist that they would run him out of the town. After these warnings he became more on the defensive, and his hand instinctively sought his hip-pocket whenever he was approached by one of those who had detected him in his designing actions. His residence in town has been a source of scandal in more ways than one, and before long the explosion will come. The gay bird will probably find it to his interest to take the wings of the morning; or, if he can't get them in the morning, to catch on at night and fly to parts unknown to the town of Madisonville.

A WOMAN'S DOSE.

Administered in a Drink of Cider—Trying to Make Herself the Only Member of the Family.

Mr. Isaac Littlefield, who lives in East Stoughton, Mass., on what is known as the lower road, leading from Frocton, and who is well known throughout southeastern Massachusetts as a tenor singer, was suddenly taken very ill Friday night with terrible pains, accompanied by violent vomiting. His son Albert, a rather delicate lad of twelve, who had been skating all the afternoon, came home and retired early. He woke up about 11 o'clock, also complaining of violent pains. His mother gave him a drink of cider and left him.

Late the next morning Mrs. Dyer, a sister of Mr. Littlefield, came over from her residence opposite and inquired for Albert. She was told by Mrs. Littlefield that he was quietly sleeping. Thinking there was nothing strange in this she went home, but returning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, again asked for Albert. Mrs. Littlefield conducted her to his bedchamber, where the little boy lay, his face and limbs distorted, his breath coming and going in slow, painful gasps, and his lips blue and swollen. He was completely unconscious, having been so since morning.

Dr. Gifford, of Stoughton, was at once sent for, but, being absent, did not visit Littlefield's until evening, when he found the boy still unconscious, breathing with difficulty eight times per minute and rapidly failing. Restoratives were applied, but with no success, and he died at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Littlefield suffered intensely, his symptoms being somewhat the same, but he improved and is now pronounced out of danger.

The rumor spread like wildfire that the father and son had been poisoned by Mrs. Littlefield, and those nearest connected with the family seem to share in this belief, although nothing, as yet, has been proved. It is hoped, however, that to-morrow's post mortem examination will dispel all doubts.

It seems that Mrs. Littlefield is a victim of hereditary insanity, her father, Minot Thayer, who was well known as the proprietor of the Milton Mills Hotel, having died insane at Providence some time ago. The disease has never manifested itself in her in a violent form; and, indeed, never until some months ago, when it broke out in a mild type. She has been at Milton visiting a sister for seven months until a few weeks ago, when she returned home, and was thought cured. Since then she has evinced a marked dislike for her little son, and is said to have threatened "to put him on the railroad track; that she would find some way to get rid of him." Friday night she gave her husband and son a drink of cider on retiring, and, on the boy's awakening in pain, as stated above, gave him some more. She is said to have remarked lately that "she would be so happy if they all could die and be at rest." It is said that she obtained a razor from Mr. Littlefield's satchel, for what purpose is not known, but it was taken from her.

The child is believed to have been poisoned from an overdose of opium, although no theory has yet been decided upon by the physicians.

"CLEAR THE STAGE."

Bouncing the Mashers From Behind the Scenes.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is always a rabble of mashers who hang about a theatre during the production of spectacular dramas, who fancy that their special mission on earth is to flirt with women and show themselves off as models of beauty to their own sex. By some hook or crook they generally manage to clothe their figures in what they denominate "upbly apparel," which, with the aid of barbers, gives them a negative sort of appearance. Men of the stalwart order regard these nondescripts with disgust. Their only recognition comes from their female prototypes. Of this latter class the ballet in spectacular plays is generally very prolific, and thither come the "mashers" for that recognition which they fail to get from their own sex. They succeed oftentimes by means best known to themselves in getting behind the scenes during rehearsal, and while there, sir their nothingness is a vim, never displayed except when on the "mash."

They haunt the wings as a bat does an old ruin, ogle the dancers, sipper "taffy" of the weakest order, laugh at their own nonsense, and consider themselves "too awfully sweet to live." Such nuisances do they become that the workmen in the theatre are obliged to give them the "grand bounce" by special request from the box office. When that opportunity comes to the bouncers, they improve it. The exit to the street is reached by the "pretty men" on the rapid transit plan. Cowhide boots are the propelling power.

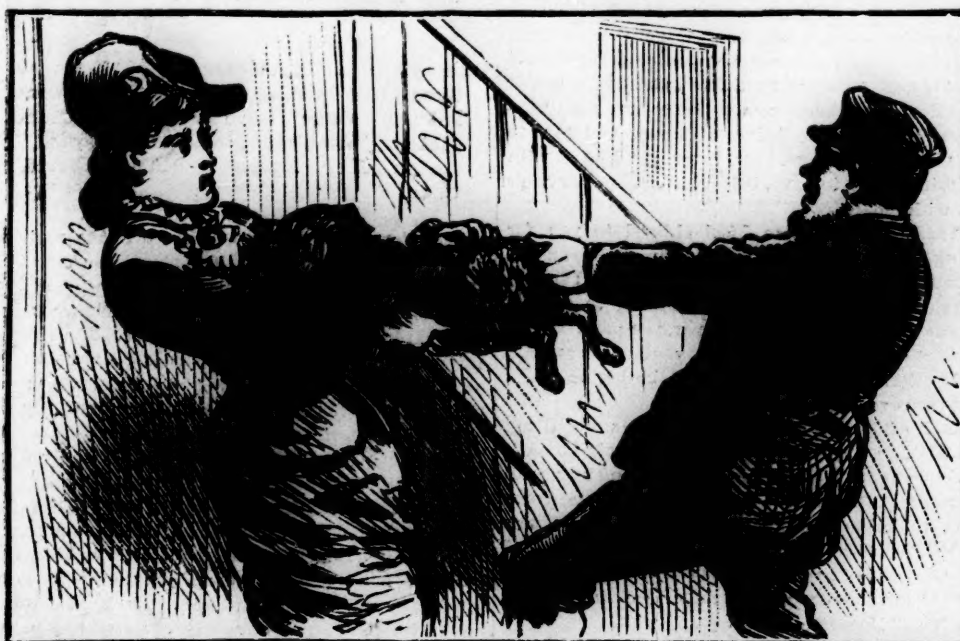


## A DARING DOG THIEF

Who Found His Match in a Flucky Actress.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One afternoon during the past week, as Miss Frances, leading lady of the Emmet Combination, was going from the theatre to the St. Charles Hotel in Pittsburg, Pa., accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Renie, of the same company, the little dog of the first named lady trotted on behind. As they neared the hotel Mr. Renie observed a suspicious-looking fellow following the party and eyeing the dog wistfully. He called Miss Frances' attention to the man, and the lady kept one eye on the pursuer and the other on the dog, until near the hotel she stopped to pick up the playful canine and hold him in her arms. Mr. and Mrs. Renie passed on, and were half way up the entrance stairs of the house when they heard Miss Frances calling to them. Turning quickly a novel sight met their gaze. Miss Frances had hold of the dog's head, and the would-be thief had the unfortunate animal by the tail. Both were pulling vigorously to obtain possession, neither party seeming to get much the best of it, and the dog certainly getting the worst of it by a large majority. The lady tugged, so did the thief, and the dog howled. Mr. Renie started to the rescue. The thief released his hold and scampered off, leaving Miss Frances mistress of the situation. Unfortunately, when the daring scoundrel released his hold the lady fell against the steps, injuring herself severely. Chase was given the thief, but he succeeded in making his escape.



A DOG THIEF TRIES TO STEAL AN ACTRESS' PET DOG, WHEREUPON A PULLING MATCH ENSUES DISASTROUS TO CANINE ANATOMY; PITTSBURG, PA.

her to stoop over the cistern to remove some leaves, and then tumbled her into the water, unloosing her hands when she grasped the sides for support, and finally hitting her on the head with a stick to quiet her. She had a few hundred dollars which he was impatient to inherit.

## ALL FOR LIBERTY.

A Lunatic's Rational Attempt at Escape From Bedlam — Braving Everything For Freedom.

Sylvian Delanet, a Frenchman, escaped from the lunatic asylum on Ward's Island, near this city, recently, during the night, in a style that is rather romantic, and particularly French. He was formerly a butler, and for his persistent persecution of a lady of this city, and threats against the safety of her family, he was committed to the keepers of the insane.

One night recently the watchman on going to his room found him gone. On the sunken meadows, where the wrecked Seawanhaka lies, a number of men had been employed removing her machinery to the ferryboat Chancellor Livingston. The place is divided from Ward's Island by one of the most perilous currents known in New York harbor, so its name Little Hell Gate, would imply. To the amazement of these workmen, especially those who had watched through the night, a man wrapped only in a blanket crawled out of one of the Seawanhaka's boilers with the dawn of an October day. It was Sylvian Delanet, who went on board the ferryboat and success-



DIDN'T ADMIRE HEAVY WEIGHTS—A YOUNG LADY MAKES HER ENGAGEMENT CONDITIONAL—OVER 350 POUNDS, SHE WILL NOT BECOME THE FAT MAN'S BRIDE; CLINTON, ILL.



A FILIAL DUCKING—A BRUTAL SON ATTEMPTS TO DROWN HIS MOTHER IN A CISTERN, AND NOT SUCCEEDING, CLUBS HER; DANVILLE, N. Y.

## George Evans, Jockey.

[With Portrait.]

There is no better representative of the first-class English jockey than George Evans. He ranks among the first who have won fame as successful riders. An intelligent, active and skillful rider, he seems when mounted to be a part of the animal whom he controls. He is quick to get any advantage at the start, and never misses any opportunities up to the finish. Evans has ridden for the largest stables in Europe and America. The Derby is as familiar to him as Jerome Park, or any of the other famous tracks in this country. He has been riding in America principally for the Lorillards, but has won races for the stables of ex Gov. Bowie, Ackerman & Co., Babcock & Co., J. W. Bell, August Belmont, and many others.

Among Evans' latest victories are the following: On Mr. P. Lorillard's celebrated horse Duke of Montrose he beat Luke Blackburn—who, however, fell during the race—at the Coney Island Jockey Club track last summer. He also won a good race on Mr. P. Lorillard's Spark, the same day and on the same track. On ex-Gov. Bowie's great horse Crickmore he won the Saratoga Stakes last season. At the summer meeting at Monmouth Park, Long Branch, N. J., he won the August Stakes on Mr. P. Lorillard's horse Barrett. The next racing day, at the same track and on the same horse, he won the Criterion Stakes.

George Evans is a great favorite among his fellow-horsemen, both here and abroad, and among the racing public he has a host of friends who have great faith in his abilities as a rider and a man. No one knows a horse better than Evans, and he can generally manage to get out all the speed the animal has in him.

## A Filial Ducking.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Andrew Gugel informed a neighbor at Danville, N. Y., that his mother had fallen into a cistern and was drowned. The neighbor said they ought to get her out at once because she might be resuscitated, but Andrew replied that it was too late, as she was surely dead. She was rescued, however, and when she began to revive Andrew remarked that he shouldn't wonder if she accused him of pushing her in. He was right for she made the charge with the first breath she could command. He had induced



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS TURFMEN.

GEORGE EVANS, THE NOTED ENGLISH JOCKEY.

fully appealed for some clothing and something to eat. The owner of the wreck, Matthew H. Gregory, was surprised when he came to the scene later on to find the Frenchman swinging a sledge with the rest of his men, and acting as if he rather considered it a privilege.

Delanet is of good appearance, apparently thirty-five or thereabouts, and speaks English fluently. He told Mr. Gregory how he came to be incarcerated, and how he escaped. He said he had forced the bars of his window, which was two stories from the ground, and then lowered himself by means of his bed clothing, which he tied together in strips. He wrapped himself in a single blanket—that being all he dared to take with him—and after waiting for the watchman to pass him in the yard he managed to open the lock of the gate with a nail. He passed cautiously by the other buildings on the island and down to the north shore, where he could see the ferryboat's lights. He tied the blanket over the top of his head and plunged into the strong current of Little Hell Gate.

Mr. Gregory expressed his surprise at such an undertaking in the middle of a dark night, to which Delanet simply responded that he was a good swimmer. He reached the opposite shore unseen by any one, and crawled into the manhole of one of the great boilers, where he wrapped his partly wet blanket around him and went to sleep.

Delanet resumed his place among the workmen, ate with them, slept that night on the ferryboat, and on the following morning hailed a passing fishing-boat, and disappeared in her.

## How She Got Rid of Him.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A fastidious damsel in Clinton, Ill., has been the recipient of the attentions of a heavy weight suitor. He was so persistent in his suit and pressed her so earnestly to become his wife that she resolved to make her acceptance or refusal conditional. She accordingly agreed that if he weighed more than 350 pounds she would not have him. He agreed and throwing off all superfluous clothing, got into the scales. The lady knew what the result would be; but the heavy-weight had hopes that his scarcity of attire would bring him under the unlucky weight. It was no use; the beam tipped at 354, and the match was off.



## WHY HE KILLED HIS FRIEND.

## A Bilious Attack Which was Cured by a Revolver—Fits of Indisposition that Were Dangerous for the Neighbors.

"Yes, I have killed my man," remarked John Bigelow, of Little Rock, Ark., when the conversation touched on the shedding of human blood. "I killed one of my best friends," he continued, lighting his pipe and throwing the largest pair of feet in the company on a chair, with an effort and subsequently twitching about the face, which very plainly told that the old man was suffering badly with rheumatism.

"What killed your friend?" exclaimed one of the company.

"Yes, as warm a friend as I had on earth."

"Accidentally, wasn't it?"

"No, sir, purposely. If you men ain't in a hurry I'll tell you the circumstance."

Every one expressed a desire to hear the story, and the old man, after a few moments reflection, began:

"I was a young fellow, and had just come to Little Rock, when, one night while passing a saloon on the levee, I was attacked by several ruffians. I fought desperately, knocking one of them down—and I tell you I was a sick buck in those days—I was advancing on another when he drew a horse-pistol and levelled it at me. The moon was shining and I could see a fiendish expression of delight on the face of the ruffian. Just at that moment the pistol was knocked high in the air. The ruffian fled and I saw before me a tall young man. He asked me if I was hurt, and advancing, took me by the arm. Well, we became friends. His name was George Wemlock. Plenty of people in this town remember him. God knows how well I do. You people seem to be growing restless. I'll cut the story short. George and I became roommates. An attachment—one of those here old-time friendships—sprang up between us. Poor fellow, he had one fault—whisky. When drunk he was the most dangerous fellow I ever saw. Many a time have I seen him walk into a crowd, slap someone's face, and then knock him down for resenting the insult. He used to say 'Johnny, I am bilious, and you must know that fighting is my only medicine. I must have medicine.'"

"One night he came into the room after an absence of several days. I saw that he was full and I tried to engage his attention on a serious subject, but failed. Finally he remarked that he was bilious and had to have medicine. He went down, and several hours afterward returned with the end of a man's nose sticking on a knife blade.

"I got my medicine," he said. "It is not very polite to hand you a piece of meat without a fork, but on this occasion of emergency I'll have to use a knife. It was rather a hard matter to get the medicine. I had to look all around. Finally a man came down the street. I told him that I was bilious and had to have some medicine, but mistaking my meaning, he told me to go to a drug store. This was an insult, and in my great need of medicine I knocked him down and cut off the end of his nose. The people of this town ought to understand that when I get bilious I want the medicine of human flesh and blood. What use is flesh and blood, anyway? It cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven. John, if I hadn't found this fellow, I should have killed you. Hang it, you ought to know that I must have medicine!"

"He threw the piece of human flesh on the table and told me to look at it. I turned away in disgust, and, drawing a pistol, he—my best friend—told me to put it in my mouth. I argued with him, but in a wild howl he told me that he needed more medicine, and that if I didn't put the piece of nose in my mouth he would kill me. He cocked the pistol and I took up the piece of flesh, and, pretending to put it in my mouth, dropped it down my sleeve. This satisfied him, and he went to bed. I went to the window and threw away the end of the unfortunate nose, and crept down stairs. Next morning George got down on his knees before me, and with tears in his eyes, implored my forgiveness. He found the man who had suffered the loss of a part of his nose, and gave him \$400, every cent of money he had. For a long time he remained sober, and the circumstances of his last case of biliousness were almost forgotten. I had become more and more attached to him, for every day I was impressed with the nobility of his character. One night, at the appointed hour, he failed to come home. Another friend of mine had come up to pass the evening with us. We were reading



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

PAOLA MARIE, OPÉRA BOUFFE PRIMA DONNA.

'David Copperfield,' and George, who was a splendid elocutionist, was going to read to us. We waited and waited. Determining that George



MRS. SCHMIDT, ACTRESS IN THE GERMANIA THEATRE, BUFFALO, N. Y., IMPLICATED IN THE SCHMIDT-WAHLE TRAGEDY.

would not come in until very late, I took up the book and began reading. Just as I got to where Mr. Omer, the undertaker, was driving nails into coffins with a rat, tat, tat, George walked in.

"I am bilious!" he exclaimed, and then I saw that he was drunk.

"George," I asked, "are you not going to read Copperfield for us?"

"No," he exclaimed. "I have been reading a medical work, and I find that I am bilious. John, I am going out to hunt for some human medicine, and if I don't find any I'll have to use you."

"He went out, and I explained to my friend that if he did not find some one to fight he would come back and attack me. I sat for a long time and studied. My friend was silent. At length I heard footsteps on the stairs, and instinctively I ran to my trunk and took out a pistol. I had just time to again reach the table when George entered with two enormous horse pistols, one in each hand.

"Bilious," he exclaimed, and levelled one of the pistols. I dodged behind the table just as he fired. I had my pistol in my hand.

"I am bilious, I tell you!" and he levelled the other pistol.

"Quick as a flash I fired. George fell. I ran to him, and with the assistance of my other friend, put him to bed. In a few moments the room was crowded with people. I was not arrested, for I had acted in self-defense. Next day I stood by George's bedside. He was sober and suffered great pain. My ball had passed through his body.

"John," he said, "give me your hand." I grasped his hand and stood looking into his eyes. His face changed.

"John, I will never be bilious again," and with one great gasp he died.

"Gentlemen, this is why people say that I have killed my man," and the old man wiped tears from his eyes and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

## FIFTY AND THIRTEEN.

## A Disparity of Age in a Matrimonial Venture That Led to a Shooting Match.

[With Portrait.]

In No. 166 the POLICE GAZETTE published an account of the shooting of Jennie Grover, a girl thirteen years of age, by her husband, William Grover, fifty years of age. The child wife was the daughter of a war comrade of Grover's, and he considered it his duty to be her guardian.

Instead of performing that function in a single capacity he married her, and the result was just as could be expected of such an ill-assorted match, discord. The youthful Mrs. Grover soon tired of her aged spouse's protection and society, and numerous sought for congeniality among the young men of the neighborhood.

Rows ensued, and she quit the domestic roof, and sought shelter and comfort elsewhere. Grover was naturally indignant, and when she called to take away her effects from his house, he solaced himself by shooting her. Such a proceeding could not be tolerated in a law-abiding community, and the gay Grover now languishes in duane ville, where, perhaps, he ponders over his folly, and realizes how true is the old adage, "there is no fool like an old fool."

## Heart-Broken and Foolish.

[With Portrait.]

Quite a sensation occurred in Buffalo, N. Y., last week, the principal party implicated being a Mrs. Schmidt, an actress at the Germania Theatre in that city. Hermann Schmidt claimed the woman as his wife, which she denied. Her present husband is Emil Wahl. When Schmidt found that she had discarded him forever, he repaired to his room in his hotel and killed himself. The affair created a great sensation, and public opinion is strong against the actress.

## Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Among all the talented and beautiful women who have come to us from France, none have acquired favor with the public so quickly as Paola Marie. Her impersonations of the rollicking heroines of opera bouffe are gems of acting not excelled by any of her contemporaries in the same line. She possesses all the requirements for the roles which constitute her repertoire. She made her American debut at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in this city, under the management of Moritz Grau, and scored a success the first night.



JENNIE GROVER, GIRL WIFE OF WILLIAM GROVER; SHOT BY HIM FOR ALLEGED DESERTION AND UNFAITHFULNESS.



WILLIAM V. GROVER, AGED 50; HUSBAND AND ATTEMPTED MURDERER OF HIS WIFE JENNIE GROVER, AGED 13; RED BANK, N. J.



## SPORTING NEWS.

SPORTING ITEMS FROM CORRESPONDENTS SHOULD BE FORWARDED EARLY IN THE WEEK TO INSURE INSERTION.

## Important to Sporting Men.

The Police Gazette has in preparation, to be given free to each subscriber and purchaser of the paper, a large double page supplement illustrating the great international prize fight at Farnborough, England, between Heenan and Sayers. Due notice will be given of the issue with which the picture will be presented. Sporting men should order copies of this number without delay, and the trade should send in their orders at once.

THE international yacht race from Gibraltar to Oran has been won by the Gertrude.

W. CUMMINGS, of Paisley, recently won the ten-mile championship of England, doing the distance in 54m. 25 2-5s.

T. HALE and W. Yeomans, the well-known Australian jockeys, have given \$55,000 for a station on the Lachlan.

HALIFAX boating men are organizing a four-oared crew, which they intend to pit against any four-oared crew in the world.

GEN. HARDING's beautiful Belle Meade farm, the nursery of thoroughbreds, is six miles from Nashville, and contains 3,800 acres.

AL MILLER and Mart Hernan have opened a sporting house in Helena, Montana. Miller and Con Orem give boxing lessons in a rear room.

HINDOO, which cost the Dwyer Brothers \$15,000, has regained his old form. It is expected that he will be the champion three-year-old of 1891.

THE immense number of wonderful yearlings we may expect next season will be something surprising, especially from the South and West.

"He was a kind parent, a good citizen, and had three horses that could beat 2:30," is considered about the right thing for an obituary in Kentucky.

J. M. FRENCH, Detroit, Mich., has sold his trotting mare Cozette, by Blumberg's Black Bashaw, record of 2:19, to Mr. McGraugh, of the same city.

MAURICE DALE, the New York billiardist, has started for Paris, to take part in a billiard tournament with Vignaux, Plot, Slosson, Daly and Garner.

THE O'Rourke, the base ball players, are still roaming around looking for an engagement. It is said they want \$1,700 apiece and will not play apart.

AN experienced turfman who has just returned from England, says: "Foxhall is beyond doubt the best two-year-old in England." Foxhall is owned by J. R. Keene.

FOOTSEY, who won the Liverpool Autumn Cup as a three-year-old, and the Lincolnshire Handicap in her next season, died recently from inflammation of the bowels.

It now transpires that before Falsetto broke down in a trial at one mile, at Newmarket, he gave Parole twenty-six pounds and an estimated fourteen pounds beating.

DECEMBER 7th is the date fixed for the Vignaux and Slosson billiard match. The game will be played at Paris, France. The contest will be 3,500 points, played with three balls.

LUKE BLACKBURN, the king of the turf, has recovered from the epilepsy. It is expected, if he is not anchored with weight next season, that he will win all the cup races.

FLINT, Queen, Anson and Williamson of the Chicago Base Ball Club, will spend the winter in Chicago, the remainder of the champion team having returned to their former homes.

AT SOON as Melvor, the famous short-distance runner, arrives from England, Fred Harmon will be matched against him to run 100 yards for any amount from \$500 to \$2,000 a side.

FRED HARMON, the famous short-distance runner, is in San Francisco. He has challenged F. A. Davis to run 100 yards for \$1,000 a side and the championship of the Pacific Slope.

TRICKETT skulls like the majority of Australians, using the arms to the neglect of his body, rowing very short, and not reaching so far or finishing his stroke so well as Hanlan.

THE arrangements for the O'Leary belt contest have not yet been completed. The managers have so far failed to engage a building for the contest, which is fixed for Christmas week.

NOREMAC and "Blower" Brown are to compete for the Astley belt representing the English championship. Brown holds the trophy which he won in the last competition, covering 553 miles.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS and Prof. John H. Clark, the noted pugilist, still continue to fight with the pen. It is a much easier way of fighting than with the use of their mauls in the prize ring.

THE pigeon-shooting match at Bergen Point, N. J., on Nov. 25, was won by William Stroud. He killed 19 birds without a miss, standing at 27 yards' rise. M. Bailey, at 28 yards, killed 18.

WATREN E. SMITH, of Halifax, N. S., and Wallace Ross of St. John, N. B., were both suffering from severe colds when they were defeated by Laycock in the international regatta on the Thames.

AT Fleetwood Park, recently, Steve Maxwell, trotted with running mate, and driven by James Murphy, three miles in 7:54. The first mile was done in 2:26, the second in 2:19, and the third in 2:20.

WM. PURCELL, of the last year's Cincinnati, has signed with the Cleveleys for next season. He will probably play in center field, and alternate as pitcher with either McCormick or Nolan.

STABLIGHT, who was considered a certainty for the two Tamworth handicaps, was poisoned with strychnine, administered by some miscreant who broke into Thurlow's stables at Narrabar, Australia, on the night of Oct. 2.

HOMER, of Boston, is bound to win a race before he leaves England. He has challenged Nicholson or Elliott to a match on the Thames course for £100 a side, to be rowed within a month, Elliott to concede Homer five seconds start.

AT San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 20, Fred Crocker started to beat 2:28, and on the third effort went to the quarter-pole in 37 seconds, to the half-mile in 1:12, to the three-quarter pole in 1:49, and finished the mile without skip or break in 2:25 1/4.

BASE BALL is a game played by eighteen persons wearing shirts and drawers. They scatter around the field and try to catch a cannon ball covered with rawhide. The game is to get people to pay two shillings to come inside the fence.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE BOAT CLUB have challenged the Cornell University to row a four-oared shell race, time and distance yet to be fixed. The Harvard freshmen have also been challenged to an eight-oared race with the Columbia freshmen.

JOHN McMAHON of Bakersfield, Vt., has arrived in this city. He publishes a challenge to wrestle H. M. Dufur of Marlboro', Mass., collar-and-elbow, best two in three fair back falls, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the championship of America.

THE Scottish American Athletic Club of Jersey City, N. J., held their games on their grounds on Nov. 25. Two tugs of war caused much excitement. Mr. R. J. Berry, a member of the club, won a 600-yard run in 3m. 23s., and a quarter-mile run in 1m. 13s.

AN international sculling match should be made up right away—America to furnish Courtney and Australia Trickett. There would be no need of sawing anyone's boat in two in such a match. Hanlan could come in by giving his competitors a start of half a mile.

THE steamer Victoria, of the Anchor Line, arrived here last Wednesday with the celebrated race horse and sire, Blue Gown, purchased by Mr. James Keene for \$20,000. His daughters, Adelaide and Blue Hexe, born in Germany, have been most successful of late on the turf.

JAMES PATTERSON, of Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, has imported one of the largest bulldogs ever seen in this country. He was exhibiting him on Wall street recently and created great jealousy among the bulls and bears, who have a great antipathy for bulldogs.

THE foot-ball match between Yale College and Princeton, for the college championship, on the Polo Grounds, New York, ended in a draw. Over 5,000 spectators witnessed the game. Nothing but safety touch-downs were scored, and Princeton still holds the championship.

ED. WILLIAMSON, the famous base ball player, who has again succeeded in holding the first place amongst the third-base men, with an official fielding average of .893, is now engaged in business at 122 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill. Williamson keeps the POLICE GAZETTE of New York on file.

LAYCOCK, the Australian oarsman, bids fair to be champion of the world. He possesses great speed and can row the championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, in good form. Hanlan, in our opinion, is the only oarsman living that can make the Australian do his best. In all his races so far he has never been pushed.

PIERRE LORILLARD has offered to buy Crickmore, ex-Gov. Bowie's crack two-year-old. The latter refuses to sell the colt for less than \$20,000. Crickmore won the Saratoga Stakes for two-year-olds in July last, three-quarters of a mile, in 1:17, and the Windsor Hotel Stakes in August, five furlongs, in 1:05, at Saratoga.

JAMES WHITNEY, late the pitcher of the Knickerbockers of San Francisco, signed a contract to play with the Boston team for the season of 1891. Whitney has been playing in San Francisco since October, 1879, when the Omahas distanced in that city. He has the reputation of being a very effective pitcher and a first-class batsman.

MIKE MCCOOLE, of New Orleans, formerly of St. Louis, who in his last battle was battered out of all semblance of humanity by Tom Allen, has decided to again enter the prize ring. He has found backers in the Crescent City, and has decided to go into training. If he can stand the hard work, he will challenge any man in America to fight for the championship.

THE victory of Hanlan over Trickett is in all respects remarkable. Apparently he might have left the Australian champion a mile behind, as he might have distanced Courtney in the Canadian contest. He is a phenomenon. He is champion of the world twice over, and it is not likely that he will ever be beaten.

AN organization to be known as the "Midnight Anglers," has been organized in New Orleans, La. The object of this club is to advance all kinds of legitimate sport, especially fishing. The following were the officers elected: President, Hon. H. Lampard; Vice President, Frederick Scherer; Secretary, John T. Seaward; Treasurer, Henry Schubert; Captain, Christopher Schubert.

THE steamship Italy, of the National Line, which arrived at this port last week, brought the celebrated chestnut stallion Mortimer, by Compiègne, dam Comtesse, recently purchased by Mr. Pierre Lorillard for \$25,000. He will be sent to the Ranocas stock farm, to take the place of Glenlyon, who recently died. Mortimer is thirteen years old, and has had a wonderful turf career.

AT a recent meeting of the Yale University Boat Club, George P. Rogers, of last year's University eight, announced that he had decided to row in the crew of 1891 also, which remains the same as constituted when they met Harvard last July. The crew at present rows four miles daily when the state of the weather will permit. There is a prospect of a challenge from Yale to Oxford and Cambridge.

ENGLISH juries have, time after time, decided that a horse warranted thoroughbred is returnable if any flaw can be proved in his pedigree—that is, if it can be proved that his pedigree is not directly traceable, both on his sire's and dam's side, to an imported Arab or Arab. They have also decided that no number of pure crosses from a common stock can produce a horse warrantable as thoroughbred.

JOHN W. MCCLELLAND, trainer of the Walnut Hill Stable, Fayette county, Ky., was married last week at Hartsville, Tenn., to Miss Laura Neely. This is the fourth wedding of turfmen so far this winter. The first was that of the well-known trainer J. B. Pryor, of Holmdel, N. J.; next, W. P. Burch, of Charleston, S. C.; now John W. McClelland, and last, but not least, J. G. K. Lawrence, Esq., the Secretary of the Coney Island Jockey Club.

LOOK out for the great book "The Champions of the American Prize Ring," which contains the portraits, history and battles of all the great pugilists that have fought for the championship of America from 1816 to the present time. Price 33 cents by mail. Send on orders to Richard K. Fox, Publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE, 183 William St., New York, and the publisher of "Glimpses of Gotham," "Favorites of the Footlights," etc.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE can now boast of a circulation of over 70,000 weekly. It is acknowledged by press and public to be the most complete and authentic

sensational illustrated paper in the world. All the latest Sporting News from all parts of the world. Answers to Correspondents, the continued History of the American Prize Ring, with sensational sketches, illustrations and reading matter, appear in each number.

ELIAS C. LAYCOCK, of Sydney, Australia, and Edward Hanlan, the champion, made a match on Nov. 29, to row from Putney to Mortlake, over the Thames championship course for \$5,000. It is announced that the American manufacturing company under whose auspices the recent international regatta on the Thames and the race between Hanlan and Courtney on the Potomac were rowed, has agreed to provide a prize of \$1,000 for the match between Hanlan and Laycock.

A SAD misfortune has befallen the Rev. John Russell, the English sporting parson. Mr. Russell has recently removed to Black Torrington, having been presented to the living by Lord Poltmore. He had been obliged to add considerably to the stables at the rectory, and only a few days after they had been occupied they caught fire one evening, and two of his best hunters were so burned before they were rescued that they died shortly after.

SECRETARY YOUNG furnishes the following official list of players engaged by League Clubs: Boston—Wm. Crowley, Thomas Deasley, John Richmond and Charles N. Snyder. Buffalo—H. Richardson, C. J. Foley, J. F. Galvin, J. L. White, J. C. Rowe, T. J. Sullivan and D. W. Force. Chicago—F. E. Goldsmith, A. Dalrymple, E. N. Williamson, J. L. Quest, Thos. Burns, M. J. Kelly, A. C. Anson, George G. Gore, L. Corcoran and F. S. Flint. Cleveland—Edward Nolan. Worcester—M. C. Dorgan.

THE Harvard Base Ball Association was organized recently; the following officers were then unanimously elected: President, Harold C. Ernst, '76; Vice President and Scorer, F. O. Barton, '81; Manager, E. H. Pendleton, '82, the manager acting as secretary and Treasurer. This new departure puts base ball on a similar footing with the rowing interests, and enables members of the university to manage its base ball affairs instead of a close corporation, as has hitherto been the case.

ON November 25th the members of the Westchester, N. Y., Hare and Hounds Club met at Shrader's Hotel, on Central avenue, Woodlawn. Nineteen started in the dash uniform of the club—the hares, two in number, in dark blue, with red hares of fannel on their breasts, and the hounds, whips and master of the hunt in bright scarlet tunics, skin-tight breeches, stockings and skull caps of dark blue, with high gaiters. The hares ran over twelve miles in two hours and came in twenty minutes ahead of the hounds.

CHARLEY CAVANAGH, the pugilist and protégé of Ned Mallahan of the Empire, in this city, has returned from the Plains to New York. He was known among the corps pugilistique as Harry Hill's "Wire Man." He has been five years in the Seventh U. S. Cavalry fighting Indians, and made a better soldier than pugilist. Cavanagh was one of the survivors of the Big Horn Massacre, when the brave and fearless General Custer was killed. He has been in twenty-two engagements, and witnessed "Rain in the Face" kill Tom Custer, the general's brother, and mutilate him.

THE arrangements for the benefit tendered to James Magowan, the manager of this journal, are now complete. It was originally intended to have it take place on December 4, but certain famous boxers were obliged to be out of the city on that evening, so the affair was postponed to the evening of December 20. The expectations for a great night's fun are already realized by the array of athletic talent that will take part in the benefit. Mr. Magowan's popularity has brought together the cream of the sporting fraternity of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other sporting centers. All who attend can count on a genuine treat.

ORREN HICKOCK has, on behalf of St. Julien, returned the Rochester Association trophy, which, divided between the mare and the gelding at Rochester for equal time, and then acquired in its entirety by St. Julien through his record at Hartford, is now forwarded to the winter quarters of Maud S., she having closed the season with the fastest record, 2:10 1/4, made at Chicago. In receiving it for Maud S., George N. Stones says: "Maud S. promptly acknowledges the graceful return of the famous 'time record trophy' that was out in two by St. Julien and Maud S., at Rochester, in 2:11 1/4; then again united by St. Julien alone, at Hartford, in 2:11 1/4, who now, in turn, chivalrously yields the mark of honor to Maud S., since her unequalled record of 2:10 1/4 at Chicago."

AT Harry Hill's theatre on November 25th, there was a great boxing show. Johnny Sanders and Johnny Reilly sparred lightly. Jimmy Kelly, Harry Hill's champion and George Taylor the colored champion, made a great set-to. Kelly drove his man all around the ring, boxing as though thousands were depending on the result. Taylor was as active as a cat, getting away with wonderful agility when his opponent tried to force the fighting. Billy Madden and Jack Moore were the next couple to don the mittens, and then Billy Fields and Professor Austen evoked considerable applause by some really clever sparring. Austen hardly seemed at home in the first round, but as he warmed to his work he demonstrated the fact that he had forgotten none of the fine defensive tactics that earned him his reputation as a teacher in London.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE, New York, November 30, 1890.—SIR: Having recovered from the effects of my late contest with Mr. Edwin Bibby, I hereby challenge any man in the world, black or white, to wrestle me, two best out of three fair back falls, Greco-Roman style, for from \$250 to \$1,000 a side. Man and money ready at 422 West Thirty-seventh street. I issue this challenge at the urgent request of my friends, who are not satisfied with the result (a draw) attained in my late match with Mr. Bibby. Hoping that Mr. Bibby, or some of the other "champions," will accept this challenge, permit me to remain yours respectfully,

CLARENCE WHISTLER, of Leadville, Col., has demonstrated that he is a wrestler able to defeat any opponent pitted against him. Whistler is a young giant. His shoulders are broad and massive, his muscles are firm and bunched, and altogether he is the finest specimen of a wrestler we could wish to see. He lacks science, and what Bibby possesses of this he lacks in strength sufficient to throw the Western wrestler.

RECENTLY, at Creedmoor, L. I., there was a novel rifle shooting contest. It was open to everybody; distance 200 yards; position, standing; weapon, Remington rifle, state model; entrance fee, \$1 for the first entry and fifty cents for each subsequent one; competitors to have the privilege of entering as often as they might please, but only the aggregate of the two best scores to count. There were fifty prizes, aggregating the sum of \$150 in gold. Each winner of a prize was entitled to a dinner, with a charlotte russe. Each charlotte russe contained a prize of from \$20 in gold down to \$1. The leading scores were made by A. B. Van Huse, 45; F. J. Donaldson, 44; A. McInnes, 43; J. L. Paulding, 43; J. R. Mangum, 43; R. Simpson, 43. A few of the lucky ones who got the best

prizes in their charlotte Russes were A. B. Van Huse, \$26; A. McInnes, \$20; W. J. Underwood, Jr., \$10; J. R. B. Bayly, \$10; Captain W. Cushing, \$5; F. H. Holm, \$5, and so on.

AT Providence, R. I., recently, Mike Mulvey, of New York, and Charles Norton, of Newark, N. J., fought with gloves, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$250. Mulvey injured one of his hands early in the mill. The fighting was desperate for thirty rounds when both pugilists were unable to continue, and the battle was declared a draw. Bennie Green and Johnny Hogan seconded Mulvey, while Steve McMahon and Jack Ryan attended Norton. Norton displayed the most science, but his blows lack force. Mulvey is a terrific hard hitter, but Norton's science and the loss of the use of his left hand, which he injured on Norton's cranium, prevented him from winning the fight. The thirty rounds were fought in 2h. 1m. 30s. A large but select crowd paid \$10 a ticket to witness the battle, and as the purse was divided both pugilists found the mill a profitable affair. Mulvey, it will be remembered, fought Fiddler Neary some time ago in a stable next to Matt Grace's sporting house, 12 Houston street, this city.

THE battle between the Dwyer Brothers and G. L. Lorillard for this year's championship of the turf has been a long and continuous struggle, ending in a victory for the Brooklyn boys, and which would have been a grander one had it not been for the sickness of the entire stable of horses of the Dwyers. At Baltimore they only started one horse during the entire meeting, and did not win a race with him, while on the other hand, G. L. Lorillard's stable were in good condition. The winnings added to the latter stable's performances exceed over \$8,000, most of which was won in the Dixie and Brecken bridge stake in which Luke Blackburn was entered but did not start. The winnings of the respective stables were: Dwyer's, \$73,070; G. L. Lorillard, 69,285. The entries in both stables have been deducted from the winnings which make them appear less in gross amount. Considering the large stable the Dwyer Brothers had to fight, it is an immense victory. Mr. Lorillard has any number of horses, while the Dwyers have but eleven.

LAYCOCK, the famous oarsman, went to England as a sort of companion and friend of the much-vaunted Trickett, and brought a boat along just for the sake of healthy exercise. The infallible riverside critics all said he did not know how to row, and sympathized with his stupidity when he made a match for \$1,000 against a third-class Englishman who could, of course, row away from this awkward Colonial. Finding that this untutored savage had money and would back himself, Hosmer next jumped at him and was speedily accommodated with a similar match. Then Hawdon wanted a slice of the cake and was promptly helped, and lastly Hanlan and his backers picked out Riley as a sure thing, and made a fourth match against this industrious simpleton from far-off shores. As soon as the match-making was over the rowing commenced. Laycock paddled away from Blackman; everybody said Blackman was stale. He leisurely finished far ahead of Hosmer, and it was found out that Hosmer was overtrained. He made a laughing stock of Riley, and Riley had not been in the country long enough; and his fourth victim, Hawdon, who had been in the country quite a sufficient time, was keen enough to forfeit his match, and thus save half his money. Then comes the regatta, and Laycock finishes an easy winner, beating Ross and Hosmer and Smith and Trickett and Riley and all the smaller fish, and now he challenges Ross and Hanlan, and expresses his willingness to row anybody, anywhere, for any money.

CHARLES E. COURTNEY is a wiser man than people have given him credit for being. He knew that he could not row with Hanlan, and it has been the great purpose of his existence since the Lachine experiment to avoid a contest with that gentleman. It was not in his power to submit with stupid indifference to the nagging of sporting men and the encouragement of his friends, and in consequence he was driven to the verge of two other contests; but his sicknesses have come on in time to save him from inevitable defeat, and he has chosen to crawl out rather than to fight like a man and be worsted in an honorable way. If this business is boys' play, still he has not been beaten except in a single instance. In that instance his enemies charged fraud, and his friends charged accident. Had he been beaten twice the question would have been settled; but he has been beaten once, and he never will be beaten again. He is rather a loud talker, but he has had all the Hanlan he wants. Whatever inducements may be offered, he will never row the Canadian. He has never intended to row him since his defeat a couple of years ago. He is something of an oarsman himself, and he knows a brother oarsman on sight. And when one reflects on the ingenuity he has exercised in dodging this great responsibility, one is lost in admiration of his statesmanlike qualities, even while one regrets that as a sculler he has passed away and been very nearly forgotten. Mr. Courtney is a wise man; and the only thing for which he is to be condemned is that he did not retire like a man, many months ago, instead of sneaking out of sight like a cur.

AT Bridgeport, on November 24, about 1,000 persons paid for admission that night to the Opera house to witness a glove contest between Mike Donovan of New York and Edward McGlinchy of that city for a purse. Unusual interest was manifested in the affair, and sporting men from Boston, New York and Providence were present. Prior to the glove fight there was boxing by noted professionals. The opening bout was between Johnny Stack and Germaine. This was followed by Bob Farrell and Johnny Saunders; then Jimmy Kelly, and George Taylor came on, both of whom were very good. These were followed by Dan Cutchley of England and Billy Fields of New York. This was a fine set-to. Billy Madden and Pete McCoy then appeared and boxed three rounds very scientifically. This was followed by a wrestling bout between Johnson and O'Donnell, which was won by Johnson, when the great event of the evening came off. Both pugilists appeared in splendid condition. Six rounds were fought in twenty minutes, when the affair was declared a draw. On the pugilists coming to the scratch for the last round Donovan was very much exhausted, and McGlinchy seemed glad that the affair was so near an end. They were soon at work, as their partisans were impatient to have more mischief done. Donovan led and reached the face of his opponent, the latter returning quickly at the head and then at the body with his left hand. The men then missed each other and clinched. They were ordered to break away, and when Donovan delivered a right-hander he fell into McGlinchy's arms, and there was another parting. They fought their best right and left after this without much regard for science, all over the stage, clinching and breaking away, until the referee ordered them to stop. The contest was a fine display of science and hard hitting. If the battle had not been limited to six rounds it is hard to tell how it would have ended.

In the next issue of the Gazette we shall publish a portrait of Jim Mace, the champion pugilist of the world. The Gazette will also contain an account of the great Heenan and Sayers fight at Farnborough, taken from the Police Gazette of New York, 1890.









A PARTY OF LADY MEDICAL STUDENTS IN ANATOMY PROSECUTE THEIR STUDIES IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF AN ARTIFICIAL LIMB MANUFACTURER, HAVING FAILED TO FIND SUBJECTS ELSEWHERE. —SEE PAGE 10.



A COLLEGE GIRL ATTEMPTS TO DO SOME HIGH KICKING WITH BOTH FEET, AND MEETS WITH A DIRE MISHAP; KOKOMO, IND.—SEE PAGE 7.



THE MANAGER OF A CARSON CITY, NEV., THEATRE, SUPPLIES HIS PATRONS WITH A DOG AND BEAR FIGHT, THE FORMER BEING THE PROPERTY OF A LADY SPORT OF THAT CITY.—SEE PAGE 10.